HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

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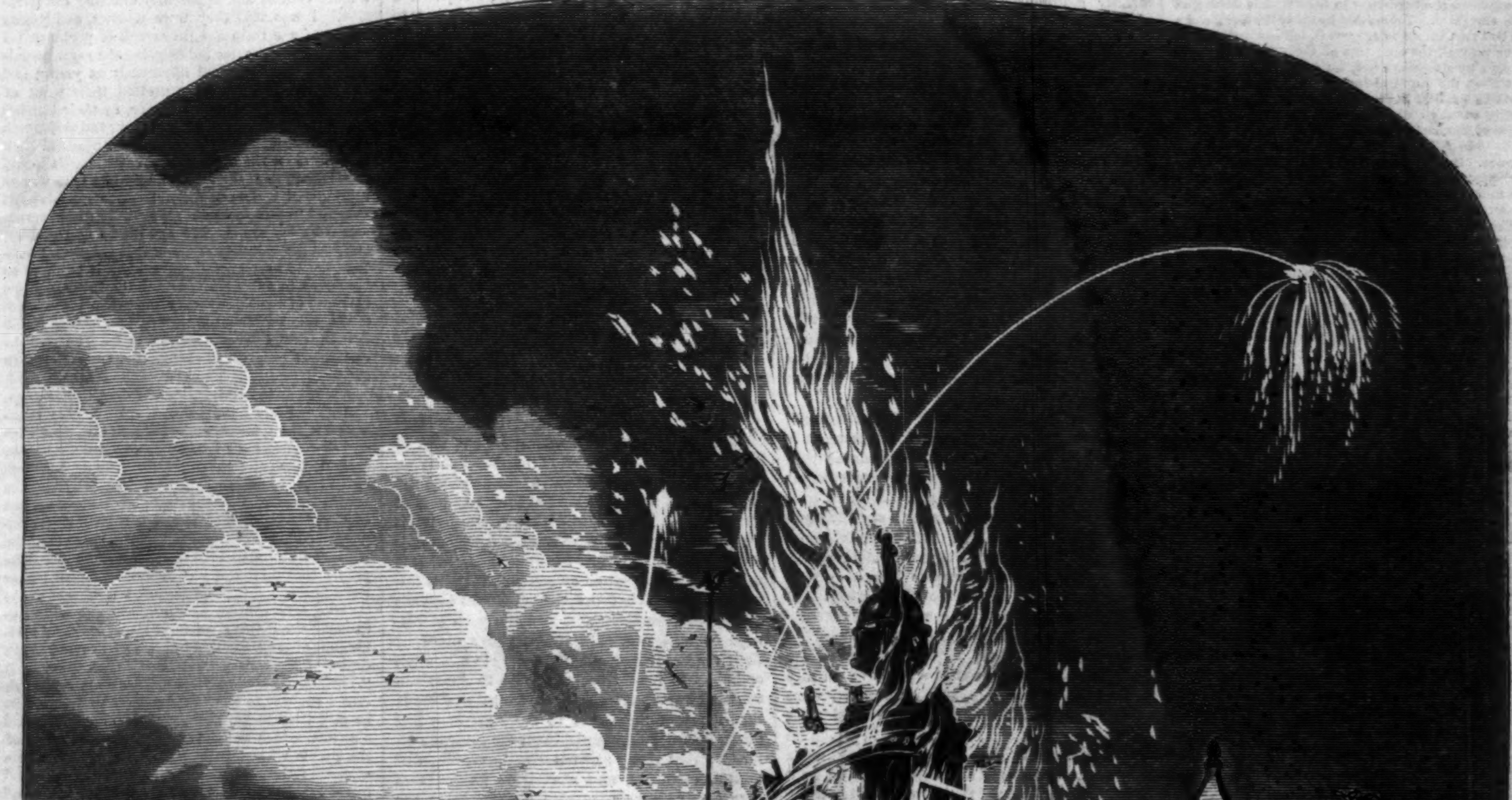


THE BURNING OF THE CITY HALL, NEW YORK, AUGUST 18, 1858.

THE FIRE AT THE CITY HALL.

On Tuesday night, a little after midnight, the people of this city were aroused by the cry that the City Hall was on fire. The fire caught from some remains of fire-works which had been discharged from the top of the building. Shortly after midnight, the fire was detected by the bell-ringer, who tried to ring the bell, but was baffled by the smoke and heat. The reporter of the *Times*, the nearest newspaper office, thus describes the scene:

> "In a few minutes the east face of the clock cracked, and with a considerable explosion the flames burst out. Five minutes after, the front face of the clock fell out, and from appearances it was too hot for the bell-ringer to stay near the bell, which, it will be remembered, hung in a cupola in the rear of the large tower, and at some distance from it. Up to this time scarcely a dozen firemen had ascended the roof of the building, and a single engine only was on the ground. Not a bell was ringing—the central alarm failing, there was only the telegraph to communicate the news to the distant or even the nearest stations.
>
> "At ten minutes to one, the first stroke of an engine's brakes were heard, by which time the flames were bursting out of all sides of the tower and from the central window of the upper story of the main building. The stream was directed into this window, but it was a small one.
>
> "As the flames climbed up to the top of the cupola, it was curious to observe birds flitting around it, and past our windows, circling nearer to the fire, then darting off again affrighted. The red-hot hands of the clock, and a long bolt that helped to support it, fell about this time, shying through the air. One of them struck the Hall roof close by a fireman's feet, but did not hurt him. At one o'clock the statue of Justice stood surrounded and wrapt like a martyr in the flames. The balances a minute after whirled around and fell. Then she glowed as if made of iron, and at 1:15 fell with a crash through the tower. The falling of the clock was not noticed in the confusion. By this time a rope had been hitched to the bell-clapper, and a general alarm was sounded, which in a few minutes was responded to by the arrival of several engines.
>
> "The illumination at this time paled all that the preceding evening had seen. The ornamental heads that surmounted the columns around the tower scowled in the light; and nothing but the skeleton of the whole structure remained. There were no clouds in the sky, but from our window not a star was to be seen. At 1:40 a rocket from the roof of the City Hall shot up aways, but twisting, turned off and exploded. Several Roman candles went off at a still later hour, giving evidence that fire-works had been left around carelessly after the illumination. At 1:35 the greater part of the tower fell in.
>
> "As it was falling, seven birds flew almost within the burning skeleton. The gilded eagle on the pole in front, and a corner of the bell-tower, were now all that remained on fire above the roof. It was after the fall that one engine managed to throw a full stream almost up to the eagle, and the centre of the flames, seeming for a while to put them out."

About three o'clock the flames were finally subdued by the persevering efforts of the firemen. When daylight broke it was discovered that the cupola and part of the roof adjoining were destroyed, but that the flames had done comparatively no damage to the interior of the building. The whole injury, it is expected, will be covered by an outlay of $30,000. No lives were lost.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, August 28, 1858.

THE ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH.

In order to satisfy the universal demand for information on the subject of the Atlantic Telegraph, we shall publish with next number of the *Weekly* an

ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH SUPPLEMENT,

of sixteen pages—price Five Cents—which will contain all the information that any one can desire on the subject, together with the following, among other illustrations:

I. An admirable Portrait of Cyrus W. Field, with a Biographical Sketch.
II. A Portrait of Professor Morse, with Sketch, and Plans of his Instrument.
III. A Picture of the Hughes Telegraph Instrument by which the Cable will probably be worked, with Description; also Pictures of Bains', House's, and the English Instruments.
IV. Several Pictures illustrating the Laying of the Newfoundland Cable.
V. The Telegraph Plateau, and how the Cable was laid on it, with a full and clear Account.
VI. Plan showing a Section of the Bottom of the Atlantic, and explaining why the Cable was laid where it is.
VII. Illustration of Brooke's Deep-Sea-Sounding Apparatus, with which alone the Deep Sea can be sounded, with Explanation.
VIII. The Atlantic Telegraph Cable, with Description; the Newfoundland Cable; the Cable between Orfordness and the Hague; the Cable across the Mississippi; the Cable between Dover and Ostend, etc., etc.
IX. Pictures of the Voyage of the "Agamemnon" and "Niagara" to the Rendezvous, and the Storm on the Way.
X. Splicing the Cable in Mid-ocean.
XI. Picture of the "Agamemnon" in the fearful Storm.
XII. Portrait of Mr. Everett, and Plans of his Paying out Instrument.
XIII. A Portrait of the Governor of Newfoundland, with a Biographical Sketch.
XIV. Picture of the Reception of the "Niagara" at St. Johns, with an Account of the same.
XV. A View of Valentia Bay, Ireland, with Description.
XVI. A View of Trinity Bay, Newfoundland, with Description.
XVII. Portrait of Captain Hudson of the "Niagara."
XVIII. Picture of the Illumination at New York in Commemoration of the Success of the Cable.
XIX. Allegory of the Atlantic Cable.
XX. Caricatures of the Man who wouldn't believe in the Cable—of Mr. Brown, before and after, etc.

Together with Mr. Field's Journal, and a copious and accurate history of the whole enterprise, down to the present moment.

The whole for Five Cents.

THE FIRST TRANSATLANTIC MESSAGES.

PERHAPS it was foolish to expect that the messages which were to pass between the Queen and the President would be any wiser or more brilliant than other people's messages. But this was certainly the general belief. Every body felt satisfied that two such potentates, on such an occasion, would transmit sentences worthy of being preserved in letters of gold. And every body now admits that the messages which were sent were not worth the labor they cost the telegraphists in sending them over the transatlantic wire.

There is this to be said in favor of her Majesty's. If it is not brilliant, or original, or even strictly grammatical, it is not impertinent or absolutely silly. It tells us nothing that we did not know before; but it does not tell us any thing that we can dispute or deny. If it rouses no enthusiasm, it excites no derision. It being generally understood here and elsewhere that the Queen is a sane woman, people are not thrown into paroxysms of any kind on being told that she felt a deep interest in the success of the telegraph enterprise, or that the wire will prove a new bond of union between two kindred nations. If she had not felt an interest, or had not seen that the wire would prove a bond of union, she would have been a simple idiot. Still, under the circumstances, considering the staid formalities which characterize royal courts, and the novelty of her Majesty's position, it may be as safe, as well as charitable, to conclude that she might have found it difficult to indite a message that would have been proper without being commonplace.

The President occupied very different ground. He was untrammeled by courtly etiquette. He was trained to the use of the diplomatic pen. The experience of a lifetime had developed his faculties to the highest degree. If there lives a man who might be expected to say the right thing in the right place, that man is James Buchanan. Yet we are bound to say that his reply to the Queen's message is not only as commonplace and dull as the royal letter itself, but is—what that performance is not—actually silly and impertinent.

The congratulations on the success of the cable, and the hopes that it will prove an ally to civilization, religion, and commerce, were matters of course. The gist of the President's message is in the concluding lines, in which he expresses the wish that all nations would unite in a declaration that the cable shall be kept neutral in the event of future wars. It is using mild language to say that this sentence is as offensive to reason as to good taste. The future governance of the cable, in an international point of view and in the contingency of war, is clearly a matter of international law, to be adjusted by statesmen and settled in treaties. To seize the present moment to force the subject on the Queen's notice, and to try to extort from her some political pledge or order on the subject, is like asking your host to lend you money when you are drinking his claret over his mahogany. The President might as well have slipped into his reply an artful question about Central America or the annexation of Vancouver's Island. There is a time and a place for all things; and the moment of hearty enthusiasm which marked the success of the cable was certainly not the time to attempt to entrap the Queen into diplomatic concessions.

But the taste which prompted the remark is even less singular than the fallacy which underlies it. Where are the nations which are to concur in a declaration that the cable shall be neutral? One end of the cable rests in Ireland—British territory; the other in Newfoundland—British territory; the middle in two thousand fathoms water. Whereabouts are the "nations" to exercise authority over it? Suppose France and Russia agree to Mr. Buchanan's proposal; what will a bushel of their declarations be worth? They might as well declare that, in the event of war, the New York and Washington line should be neutral; or that, in the like contingency, the New York Central Railway should be free to all belligerents. Mr. Buchanan might as well issue a declaration in reference to the neutrality of a high road in Germany as any foreign nation, save only Great Britain, in regard to this ocean telegraph.

We hope and trust that no occasion will ever arise in which the exclusively British control of the wire can prove inconvenient to this country. We should be glad to hear that England had formally pledged herself never to monopolize the line, or to take advantage of it to our prejudice. But we are sorry that the subject should have been opened in the inaugural message, and more sorry still that it should have been opened in a manner that can hardly fail to provoke the ridicule of the keen-witted publicists of Europe.

BUSINESS PROSPECTS.

The season is now far enough advanced to warrant calculations with regard to the fall crops and the fall trade. The prospects of neither are very cheering.

It seems pretty certain that the fall crop of breadstuffs will fall short by about 25 per cent. of the crop of last year, and this though a considerably increased area of land has been this year laid under cultivation. In many parts of the West, as in Iowa and the vicinity, the crops have suffered severely from excessive rains and inundations. Nor is this the worst. Europe having full crops, the price of grain is low, and the gain to the farmer will be reduced more than 25 per cent. Had the loss occurred after a series of prosperous years it might have been borne more cheerfully than it can be now—succeeding as it does the disastrous fall of 1857. The only point from which any comfort for the farmer can be derived is the cheapness of transportation, which flows from the intense competition among the railways and canals. Produce can be sent from the West to the sea-board more cheaply at present than at any former time.

It is understood that a couple of weeks ago the Government at Washington anticipated a revival in trade this fall, and fondly hoped to see such an increase in the customs revenue as would enable the Treasury to dispense with the second half of the twenty million loan. It is now clear enough that these hopes will not be realized. Though the city is full of Western merchants, caution on both sides is operating seriously against business. The shortness of the crops warns the country dealer to restrict his purchases; the revulsion has shaken the faith of the city merchant in all country customers. It is probable that between the two the sales of merchandise in this city will be smaller this fall than they have been for years.

We must wait a little longer for the revival. Next year, if all goes right, trade will be restored to its old channels, and the country will be all the better for having waited.

AN EXCEPTION TO A GENERAL RULE.

We are assured by a correspondent that in the censure lately passed in these columns on the United States Consuls in the East we did injury to M. de Leon, United States Consul at Jerusalem. We are told that M. de Leon is an active, energetic man, and a conscientious official. We are very happy to hear it. He will shine the brighter by contrast with his fellow-consuls. That the United States Consuls throughout the East, and in many parts of Europe as well, are, as a rule, neither fitted by their character nor adapted by their education or habits to render useful service to American commerce or American citizens traveling abroad; that many of them owe to the American flag impunity from due punishment for grievous offenses; that many are notoriously vicious, dishonest, cowardly, and worthless; finally, that they are, as a rule, as sore a disgrace to the American name as even the attachés to our foreign embassies, every honest and intelligent traveler will bear witness. If M. de Leon be an exception, so much the better for him and for us.

BRADY'S PORTRAITS.

We have to acknowledge the receipt of an excellent photograph of Senator Seward from Mr. Brady, the famous photographer of New York and Washington. Mr. Brady's photographs of celebrated men will soon hang in every drawing-room. They are fine works of art, and wonderful likenesses.

A PEEP AT SARATOGA.

Saratoga, *August* 18, 1858.

Surely the *Journal of Civilization* should inform its numerous readers as to the state and progress of our civilization in this the most famous and fashionable watering-place of the New World. I have been here for a brief space, and have jotted down a few things for your columns.

"The United States" holds on to its *prestige* of fashion. Many of the Upper Ten are there, and many who rise to the surface of society, as does the froth to the top of the fermenting vat. French cooks go there as counts, and pretty milliners pass for daughters of millionaires; and bushy-lipped barbers have been known to pass for Southern barristers. A walk through its parlors and around its porticoes, about eight o'clock in the evening, give you some charming views of fashions and attitudes! Oh! if the God of Nature had only formed some of those men and women as they have deformed themselves, they would brave all the rigors of Arctic seas even with the faint hope of getting rid of the humps behind, and of the protuberances before, and of the peculiar bend and leer of a dandy, fresh from the barber, when addressing a fair lady! And if a common-sense bachelor could only see, as I saw, a young widow of New York dressed for a fancy ball so as to represent Madame Pompadour, and standing for exhibition for half an hour in the parlor, like the wax women in Broadway windows, his astonishment would be used up! There would be at least one woman in the world he would not want for a wife! The lumbering Madame R——, with her train of artists in the singing and dancing professions, is sadly missed from the front portico. She was an institution of Saratoga in the month of August; and who now rules "Queen of the May" I could not discover, unless it was a certain widow, most intelligent, agreeable, and natural, of Washington Square. If she was not queen she ought to be.

Union and Congress Halls are now, as they have always been, the resorts of the more sober and substantial visitors, whose good sense and manners, like their cash, are always current. In the parlors and porticoes of these Halls you meet with ministers, lawyers, judges, governors, and men of sense and wealth, with their wives and daughters, who need neither gay plumage nor liveried servants to get them into good society. They are in it already, and neither pretense nor gilding would be of any use to them. It would be like gilding the gold or plating the silver. And it is quite refreshing to see the wives and daughters of such as simple as possible, while *Mrs. Parvenu* and her daughters, from the Fifth Avenue, are swelled to the dimensions of the famous umbrella of Daniel Lambert, minus Daniel himself. Their bodies are to their skirts what the handle was to the said umbrella.

There is one sight quite painful to witness in these saloons of Saratoga, to which I can only allude. Some years since I inquired who certain ladies were who were seen promenading on all occasions with any variety of gentlemen, sometimes with one on either hand, with whom they kept up a most voluble and apparently exciting conversation. I was told they were widows, and young ladies of a certain age, in search of partners. I have seen these same ladies going the same rounds within a few days, and apparently as young and as singular as ever. I regretted their want of success; but they may yet hope, as their blushes are as fresh, and their hair as black, and their teeth as white, and their forms even more graceful than they were on the first day I saw them. It would really seem as if the fabled fountain whose waters rejuvinated had been discovered, as gray-headed men and women have almost entirely disappeared. The time has come when age plows no wrinkles, and lets the hair alone; when it is simply a prejudice, not to be regarded, save when it becomes so violent as to affect the eyes and the knees. None die now of age—they only die when the stream of life, like the Taunton waters, becomes so feeble that it can not even run down hill. You may be certain the progress of civilization is wonderful in our day!

A word as to another side of things in Saratoga. Many ministers I have seen there, the very ornaments of the Church and of the land. And several discourses have I heard to crowded audiences, most decidedly of the right ring. And Saratoga is the place of all others for ministers to preach the simple Gospel. Metaphysical disquisitions are out of place there, when people are half filled with Congress. And so are sermons an hour long when the house is crowded and the thermometer at 90°. The people that hear these once never desire to hear them again. But there are some ministers of the "Fancy Stock" order who go there who leave traditions behind them. One of these, small in stature, but of towering pretensions, who carries about copies of his own portrait, and hangs them from "Tip Top House" to Saratoga, we were informed, sent a request to one of the pastors that he might be permitted to preach in the morning, as he had a sermon which he wished to preach and many of the people wished to hear!! The sermon was a splendid failure—a much ado about nothing—and is yet laughed at as "the Spread Eagle Sermon," as a puerile exhibition of vanity. The fewer such "swelled heads," as they call them in Kentucky, preach in Saratoga the better. They use the pulpit as certain venders of quack remedies do the rocks along our railways—to advertise themselves! They are ministers to their own vanity.

I saw another cleric there whose picture, if truly drawn, might be a means of grace to the younger clergy. He was quite tall, quite thin, narrow between the temples, rather low in the forehead, weak in the knees, buttoned to his chin, with a cross dangling on his breast, which might be seen through an aperture left for the purpose in the buttoning of the coat. He had, besides, a good nose of his own, which was surmounted by almost invisible spectacles. He had a quick step, a most patronizing air, and a way which seemed to say, "I am more holy than thou!" I thought I could guess his tribe; but to be certain I asked, "Who is that?" "Oh!" said one who knew, with a smile, "he is a Puseyite priest, recently come home, who thinks you are all wrong unless found in the path of which Dr Pusey is chief keeper, and to the door of which he holds one of the keys." I thought as much from his appearance and regimentals. Such men are all cast in the same mould. I have never seen one with a finely-formed head, with a broad, expansive forehead. They seem all to have been originally designed for milliners, but were spoiled in the process of making. What a pity they were!

A word as to another side of things in Saratoga. I mean the prayer-meetings at nine in the morning. They formed the most delightful services of the kind that I ever attended. They continue but for one hour. There all Protestants meet to sing, to exhort one another to love and good works, to narrate the goodness of God to the various branches of the Church all over the land, and to pray. In these services may be heard the Methodist, Presbyterian, Baptist, Episcopalian, Lutheran—governors, judges, lawyers, ministers, merchants, mechanics—all speaking the same language and uniting in the same supplications before the same God. Never did we see on earth a more delightful type of the Church in heaven. It is worth a visit to Saratoga to attend one of those meetings of prayer.

There are two classes of people that may well afford to go to Saratoga. First, invalids—the waters are fine, purifying, and invigorating. Congress is the most wonderful spring known; and it is only one of many of varying qualities, all of which would be wonderful in the absence of the Congress. Secondly, sensible people—fools and pretenders are soon discovered. The people there seem to find out every thing about every body;

and they love to reveal the weak points of those who think they may pretend to be sensible because they keep a servant in livery. Were I a rich dunce, I would sport my trappings on the east end of Long Island, or down toward the mouth of the Delaware, where I would be admired by the ignorant; but I would never go to Saratoga. "Why not?" you ask. I will reply by narrating an incident. "Who," said I, pointing to a large lady dressed in richest style, her arms, breast, fingers, and head splendid with gold and diamonds, "Who is that lady?" "She is the wife of a successful mechanic," was the reply, "who made money by speculations. Like some trees, she is only valuable for her bark; and she is as ignorant as she is fat." "How have you found out her ignorance?" I asked. "Why, I heard her say a little time ago to her husband, 'John, why hain't ye told Dick to have round the carriage, the children am sick for a ride.'" I was satisfied. I would advise dunces, however numerous may be their dollars, to keep away from Saratoga, unless they desire their fame spread over the country. VIATOR.

THE LOUNGER.

THE JUBILEE.

NEVER has typography been so excited. Never have foremen been so put to their wits' ends to devise imposing headings for the incredible news. Never have the newspapers so seemed to shout and emit jubilant war-whoops in print as during the last few days. The state of things must carry off the news-boys by hundreds. It is a kind of perpetual extra—an eternally freshest and last edition. Never, certainly, since the newspaper has been the important institution into which a few years have developed it, has it been the expression of such universal and profound joy as at the triumph of the Telegraph.

But vainly the largest, and longest, and blackest, and most Old English and German Text type toils after the theme it aims to celebrate. Vainly Queens and Presidents exchange messages, and all the orators in all the towns and villages of the continent unchain their most ungovernable rhetoric. Vainly editors vent leaded leaders, and poets sing, and aldermen dine, and fire-works sputter, and sweet chimes peal out at noon. The thought of the mystic victory over time and space achieved in the realm of darkness and silence and death—in the green vaults of oblivion—is no more to be expressed than the mind's delight in its own thought—than the soul's joy in the consciousness of its immortality.

This triumph is another bead told upon the rosary of human power—another proud assertion of the supremacy of man over the creation—another suggestion of his divine origin. Man is the Prince Fortunatus of the fairy tale—the Aladdin who owns the lamp—the athlete whose feet are shod with swiftness to outrun the winds. Steam made half of fairy lore a part of daily experience; electricity completes the work, and makes the Arabian Nights historical prophecy. With what reverential pride sang the saintly George Herbert, of whom Mr. George Duyckinck has lately given us so admirable a biography:

"For us the winds do blow,
The earth doth rest, heaven move, and fountains flow:
Nothing we see but means our good,
As our delight or as our treasure;
The whole is either our cupboard of food
Or cabinet of pleasure."

"GEORGETOWN, D. C., *August*, 1858.

"MY DEAR LOUNGER,—Permit me to send you the following for your approval or disapproval.

"Yours lovingly, AGRICOLA RANDOL."

THE ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH.

"Our sires fought on many a bloody field,
Long years ago, to conquer independence
From Mother England, and refused to yield
Though threatened often with her direst vengeance.
And now our Cyrus binds us to her faster
By one small rope which nothing can dissever;
Another Field, at last, with no disaster,
Unites us to our Mother—let us hope forever!"

THE MESSAGES.

FOR two people to make a bow, shake hands, and say "How d'you do?" with the whole world looking on, breathlessly expectant of some august burst of eloquence, is a trying situation for a modest man and woman. Nothing they can possibly say will in the slightest degree satisfy the morbid expectation of the spectators. The anticipation is akin to that with which neophytes approach Niagara. They look to see an ocean pouring in vapory vastness and splendor out of the sky; and when they see a river falling over a precipice there is almost an ache of disappointment.

For many months it has been known that the first messages over the ocean-wire would be the mutual salutations of the President and the Queen. So when the cable was really laid, and the burst of joy that hailed it was somewhat spent, there followed the delay in transmitting intelligible communications, and the feverish interest of the people in the probable messages of the two heads of nations. When the imperfect report of the Queen's arrived it required all the jubilant good-manners inspired by such a phenomenal occasion to prevent a feeling that the good fraternal results of the telegraph had been partially paralyzed by the formal and frigid courtesy of the Queen. But when the day brought the completion of the greeting, it was so dignified and hearty and appropriate that all hard feeling immediately vanished.

The response of the President is not so happy. Especially the last clause, which alludes to hostilities, is unfortunate. The occasion is one of perfect amity. The two nations, kindred in blood and language and civilization, grasp hands under the sea. It is an act of intimate friendship, an embrace in which every thought of possible difference is smothered. Why, then, speak of fighting? Why, in the very moment of congratulation, recognize the possibility of becoming enemies?

Besides, the request is one hardly likely to be heeded. As long as "all nations of Christendom" occasionally go to war, they will tax their ingenuity to injure their foes to the utmost—for what is war but the attempt of one nation to coerce another by means of damage inflicted upon persons and property? If, then, England is at war with the United States, she will "hit her" wherever she can. If the telegraph is useful to America during a war, it would be inimical to England. The state of international feeling implied by a respect of the neutrality of the telegraph in war would prevent a war, and so make the President's request useless.

However, under the circumstances we ought to be grateful that the messages were so good and grammatical; and let us hope that the Telegraph itself will help hasten the day when nations will learn war no more.

THE TELEGRAPH IN ENGLAND.

THE London journals received the news of the success of the laying of the cable with less display of imposing type than ours. But they said some very excellent things upon the occasion; and although the London *Times* gave a more striking heading to the account of the fêtes at Cherbourg than to the story of the wire, yet its leader very pointedly contrasted the significance of the two events, the military splendor at Cherbourg and the solemn promise of international peace made by the cable under the sea.

The civic jubilee, however, seems to have been less than ours. We do not learn that the Londoners have burned down Westminster Abbey in honor of the glorious triumph, nor even the Mansion House. And a warm-hearted Yankee writes home privately:

"News of the laying of the Atlantic cable arrived here yesterday morning; and some of the morning papers say there is great excitement on the subject. But some of the morning papers lie! There is no illumination, no jollification, no hurrah of any kind. It is a solemnly disgusting fact that, although moving about in the heart of London, for the thirty hours since the reception of the dispatch news, yet I have only heard one man speak of the matter, *and that man was a Yankee!*"

UNKNOWN CELEBRITIES.

IT appears that we are to have another of the famous singers whose name is entirely new. The announcement is made that the distinguished *prima donna* unites genius with skill; and, as we have never before known singers to be praised in advance by managers, of course we are all willing and eager to believe. The advent of world-renowned artists, of whom nobody ever heard, is becoming very frequent in our annals. Who is Madame Coison? Who has ever heard her sing? If she be really a great singer why has she not made her mark in London, Paris, or St. Petersburg? Those are the three capitals that crown singers. They have their deputed ears and eyes in all the opera-houses of the world, and when a really striking talent appears it is seized and appropriated for those cities.

Viardot, Garcia, Alboni, Persiani, Titiens, Cruvelli, Grisi, Piccolomini—the last a pretty actress, but not a great singer—are the really famous *prime donne* of the day. Besides these there are a great many sweet and charming vocalists. When they come to us and prove their powers, let us grant them generously, and bestow the laurel. But who wants to succumb to an advertisement—and, above all, a theatrical advertisement? Let us remember poor Musard, and be wise.

Musard perished (popularly) of aggravated puffing. Now, advertising is good—but only for good wares. People think, sometimes, that Barnum succeeded by advertising; but it was by advertising something worth the pains and the expense. Suppose Jenny Lind had been a poor singer, could any conceivable quantity of skillful puffery have helped the matter long? Think how we were peppered with Musard before he appeared! How we were shot at from windows—how all the papers flung him in our faces—how he squeezed under the front door—how he came hidden in envelopes—how he was placarded on dead walls and printed on opera programmes! Alas, and alas! he is placarded on a dead wall now, in good truth! Certainly Musard's action should lie against Ullman, for Ullman's actions lied against Musard. He was literally blown up. He died of wind and printers' ink!

And now the cheerful *impresarii*—as managers are politely called—are making fresh engagements for next year. We wish them sincerely—and for our own interest—the best luck in the world. We hope they may persuade some great singer to come over and charm us. But we hope they will spare their pockets and our patience in the matter of advertising; and we trust the Directors of the Academy will write upon their walls, as is so often written upon walls in London—"No rubbish shot here!"

DICKENS'S LAST LETTER.

THERE was never a great scandal so promptly suppressed—at least at a distance—by a word from one of the persons most interested, as in the recent case of the gossip about the separation of Dickens and his wife. His card about it in the *Household Words* was frank, and manly, and conclusive. Every body knew there must be a great deal that was not said. Parents do not part after more than twenty married years together without a depth of tragical history that is not to be easily sounded.

But it is evident that the little whispers of busy tongues in London have been stinging Dickens to the quick. He could not bear it, and he has authorized the publication of a private letter which treats the subject more in detail. This is a very great mistake and misfortune. The first card was called for, and it was a generous shield of his wife as well as a conclusive defense of their conduct. But the last letter is a kind of justification of himself and consequent implication of his wife, which, however properly he might have breathed to a friend, is almost an outrage when published to the world.

It is melancholy to think of the seething current of bitter feeling which flows through the veins of London literary society, and which is betrayed by the late quarrel of Thackeray and Yates, the circumstances that have produced this letter of Dickens, and the Bulwer scandal. It seems not at all unreasonable that Mr. Samuel Crumbcloth should take the view of the case which is indicated in his letter. How *can* we help looking at the preacher's life? If he preaches in a stolen coat, how can we care for his homily against stealing?

A LETTER FROM THE WEST.

"ALTON, ILLINOIS, 1858.

"*To the Lounger.*

"I OBSERVE in the Number for the 10th instant that a portion of the Lounger's lolling-place is occupied by one of the Siamese Twins, to wit, ENG, who, having *partially* returned from a flying Westward trip, *drops a line* from *Porkopolis* to his other half, Chang, in which *line* some impressions of Western beings and doings are transferred.

"Your Mr. Eng is a ready and racy describer, and could, were he thus minded, treat the myriads of *Harper's* pupils with delightful sketches of all our land; and his running notes would be among those first sought when the express wagons should throw out the bundle of *Harper* at each of the thousands of news depôts.

"I shall be in mood of rejoicing when I learn that your correspondent returned to his own home, and, perforce of salt zephyrs and half a dozen cool nights of undisturbed rest, became again united to his normal condition of healthfulness. At the period of the writing the sketch, at Cincinnati, unqualified symptoms of *dyspepsia* were plumply manifest; further, they were *confessed*.

"Vexatious delays, bad food, and irregular feedings had developed the disease to such degree that visual and ideal impressions were often embraced awry.

"I wish to call attention to one paragraph, and correct, perhaps, in some degree, an unjust impression which may occupy the minds of readers, and *especially* as the readers of *Harper* are *every body*, and *every body* should not be led astray, even in matters of minor interest.

"Mr. Eng says: '*After lying for four hours we were taken by the fresh engine, and brought to that dreary little Illinois town, Alton, which has but one fact in its history—the martyrdom of Lovejoy.*'

"Now let it be remarked that the rails lie upon the lowest land, through a valley, so as most easily to approach the river, and give travelers the advantage of close proximity to the steamer when they leave the cars. No important portion of the town can be seen from the track, even in *daytime*—Mr. Eng passed through in the *night*, annoyed by his late delay, and dietetically disturbed. Were *such* resources sufficient from which to draw publicly-announced conclusions touching the place?

"Again, is it a fault of a multitude of towns that they are *small?* Annihilate the *small towns*, and who will feed and support the Manhattan Giant?

"(Permit me here to remark that Alton merchants occupy a most enviable mercantile reputation in Gotham—excelled by none—equaled by few.)

"The '*one fact* in Alton's history,' as announced by Mr. Eng, is the 'martyrdom of Lovejoy.'

"True; that fact was an incubus to the prosperity of the place for years—the just suffered with the unjust.

"The population of Alton was then some three thousand; and in those days (twenty-one years ago) all Mississippi River towns contained elements which could be moulded by the evil-minded into vessels of great dishonor. Perhaps it was not apparent to friend Eng that the citizens of this town have disbursed more gold for the furtherance of civil and religious liberty, and for the sustenance of institutions for the promotion of truth and righteousness, than any people of their number and wealth *in the United States*. Such is the *fact*.

"The more *public* benefactions of *one* of the twelve *dreary little congregations* average fully six thousand dollars annually, while private donations to an equal amount are made. *We assist Gotham's needy population.*

"Nearly all the persons who were recognized as being aiders or abettors of the crime of the night of the 17th November, 1837, left the place ere a long time after.

"*Possibly* some cities of elevated pretensions could be named in which *small* crimes have been committed and *almost* forgotten.

"One year ago last spring the annual Unitarian General Convention assembled in this city, and among the delegates were some who had traveled extensively, both on this and on the other side of the Atlantic, and who remarked that portions of our city presented views fully equaling in beauty any ever before or elsewhere witnessed. Similar remarks have been made by many who were *qualified* to judge and to institute comparisons. Mr. Eng is now invited to call on the writer on the occasion of his next trip to the dreary little Illinois town, and a voluntary admission will be made by Mr. E., after obtaining the views afforded him, that Nature was lavish of landscape beauties when she fitted up our locality.

"Permit me now to write somewhat statistically. Alton contains a population of twelve thousand; eight or ten blocks only are compactly built, the town extending one and a half miles along the river, and more than a mile back and over the hills; two steam printing-presses—one being Hoe's improved—two daily papers, five weekly, one monthly; one bindery, which has executed the finest and best specimens of work yet exhibited in the Union; five founderies and machine-shops, one of which is not excelled in appointments *any where;* eleven *public* schools of the best character; twelve churches, one of which is the cathedral of this bishopric, five of the churches containing organs, and one of them the finest instrument yet erected in this country (*not* the *largest*); three merchant flouring-mills, capable of producing twelve hundred barrels of flour per diem, one of which mills cost over one hundred thousand dollars; one hundred mercantile establishments of various degrees of note, besides a quantity of quite small fry; *lager bier*, and other saloons, in *sufficient* abundance.

"Some sixty houses contain piano-fortes; we have three dealers in piano-fortes, organs, and melodeons; ten or twelve teachers of these instruments; our streets and houses are lighted with gas, and water-works will soon be commenced. Three completed railroads point to this place, and a fourth is in course of construction.

"We have five or six importing houses, and comparative statistics have been compiled, showing that a larger amount of business was done in this city than in any other of its equal in population of which statistics could be gained.

"At two miles distant is situated Upper Alton, with three thousand people, and which is the site of Shurtleff College.

"Monticello Female Seminary, four miles distant by both railroad and plank-road, is a stone structure of four stories, having cost in its erection some seventy-five thousand dollars, has a full corps of instructors, the most complete appointments and concomitants, and occupies a position second to none.

"Within a radius of twenty miles is the fruit-garden of the world. Here, and *nowhere else*, is produced the luscious, melting peach, weighing twenty-four ounces. We have eaten peaches, fresh from the tree, on the 4th July and on the last of October.

"If Mr. Eng will attend one of our pomological exhibitions, we opine his sense of *dreariness* would for the hour evanish. Will he come? ALTON."

—The Lounger's friend Eng, who, happy dog! is doubtless playing the part of Tom Dyce with the lovely and queenly Cleopatra who writes in the present *Weekly* her experience of life at Nahant, can not but be pleased by the letter of "Alton." It is generous in "Alton" to perceive the probable occasion of Eng's somewhat hurried, perhaps flippant, sentence upon the Illinois city. The facts mentioned in "Alton's" letter are interesting and valuable, but its great value and moral are that it seems to remind travelers who rush by the outsides of towns at midnight, and reproduce their impressions in print, that they should take care not to imply more than they say—not to spit a flourishing little town upon the point of a paragraph.

At the same time, no one will acknowledge more readily than "Alton" that the sins of the fathers will always be visited upon the children; that, for instance, the emotions of a thoughtful traveler in Geneva will always be flavored a little by the remembrance of Servetus.

The Lounger, however, does not mean to discuss or deny, but thanks his correspondent for his letter and its kind interpretation of motives, which a personal acquaintance with his friend Eng would not, he hopes, destroy. As for that luxurious fellow—who was so unconscionable as to quarrel with a hundred and one degrees of Fahrenheit—may the queenly Cleopatra not spare him! May she bowl, bathe, drive, ride, and flirt with him in the softest moonlights, in the brightest mornings—upon the hardest beaches, upon the loneliest piazzas! May she waltz with him to the most alluring music, until he shall humbly repent of ever having thought that there were any disagreeable places or unhappy circumstances in the world!

Then "Alton," and the Lounger, and Chang himself, will be amply revenged.

THE LOUNGER'S LETTER-BOX.

"WASHINGTON, D.C.

"WILL you, dear Mr. Lounger, commiserating my patience, have the goodness to inform me what the Bulwer you *purpose doing with* 'What will he do with it?' I have several times declared I would not read another line until it was completed; but considering that it was possible I would *never* have an opportunity of perusing *any part* of it if I abided by this resolution; and being deceived by a cursory glance at the installment (a very small one) that appeared in the *Weekly* for July 17th, into the belief that you had decided to serve up a little more than a 'tickling of the palate' at a time, I commenced reading, under the impression that there were *two pages* of 'What will he do with it?' and was half a column deep in an interesting *description* of some newly *discovered* '*gold diggins*' before I discovered that Sir Edward had abruptly deserted me.

"I am confident, Mr. Lounger, that it is not your fault, for I have formed the opinion (whether correct or not) that you are one of the 'go-aheadatives.' I would, as an intense admirer of Bulwer, like to have my query answered—What will they do with it?

"Respectfully and truly yours, S. H. S."

—"S. H. S." knows, of course—for Bulwer has told us—that the story is finished and in the hands of Blackwood. Does he not also see that, by dividing the monthly parts, the pleasure is provided weekly for the reader? Suppose that the *Weekly* should print the whole of a monthly number of the novel in one paper, does not S. H. S. think there would be a loud outcry from the readers? "What will he do with it?" bears cutting up into small portions remarkably well. But the patience of the Lounger's friend and correspondent will soon be relieved, and then he may swear off from all serials, if he thinks he can.

—A nameless friend sends a letter describing the delights of country life, which she has been enjoying with "Cousin Frank, and Tom, and pretty Mollie Clark," and begging the Lounger to send every body for a week into the country, "for every one ought to know what a world of beauty he lives in; and how, pray, is he to find it out, shut up in dirty, dingy New York?" Poor New York! Yet no city in the world, of equal size, is more happily situated for health, or more generally healthy.

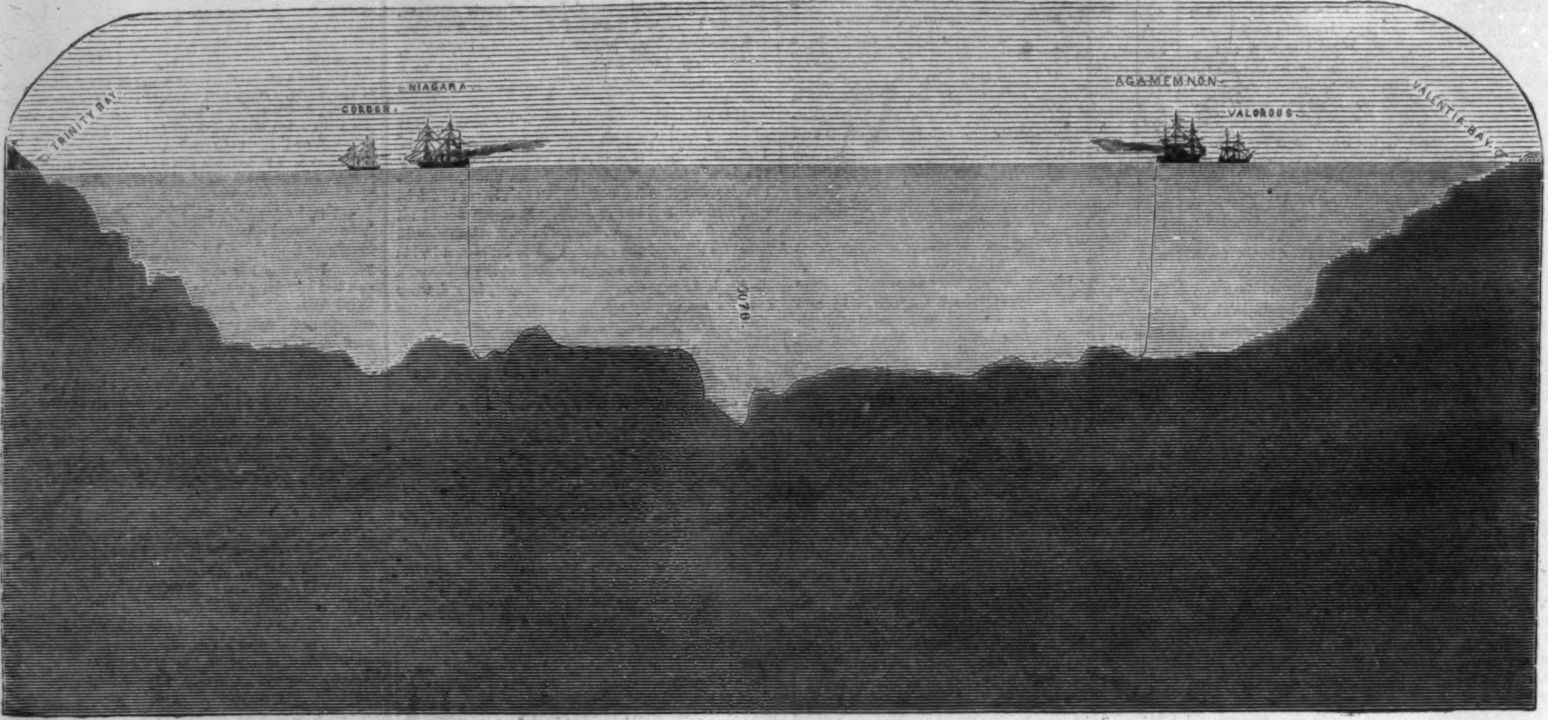
—"A CONSTANT READER" writes, from Friendship, in Maryland, a eulogy of the Lounger, and of the *Weekly* and *Monthly*, which modesty forbids, etc. Yet it is very pleasant to hear, for it is very doubtful if there were ever a child who did not like honey, although the saccharine element is much too concentrated in it. It is natural that such a friend as this correspondent should be disturbed at not receiving the paper and Magazine regularly; but the Lounger begs to present his particular compliments, and to state that they are regularly mailed, and that our common Uncle Samuel must be the delinquent in this case.

—"A. J. G." sends a little poem, "A Sad Picture." It describes a father whose wife has died, and left him with a child to care for. The subject is one that would make the *motif* of a novel, and Thackeray has touched it exquisitely in his Colonel Newcome and Clive. The intention of "A. J. G." is better than the poetry.

—"L. E. K." does better. But does she not see that the measure required alternate rhymes?

"I would not wake thee from thy dream of pleasure,
I ask not for thy love while here we stay;
I know thou art mine own, when time no longer
Shall hold us prisoners in this house of clay.
And in that better land to which we're hastening,
Where things of time and sense shall bear no place,
Thou then wilt know me, as I know thee ever,
And we will speak, beloved, face to face"

THE TELEGRAPH PLATEAU.



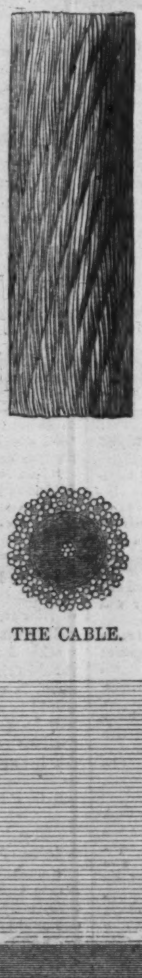
SECTION, EAST AND WEST, OF THE BED OF THE ATLANTIC—LAYING THE CABLE ON THE TELEGRAPH PLATEAU.

The first of the two illustrations on this page presents a view of the surface of the great oceanic plateau, or table-land, along which the telegraph wires have just been successfully laid. The last is a sectional view of the bed of the Atlantic (north and south), showing the relation of the elevated ridge to the remainder of the ocean bed.

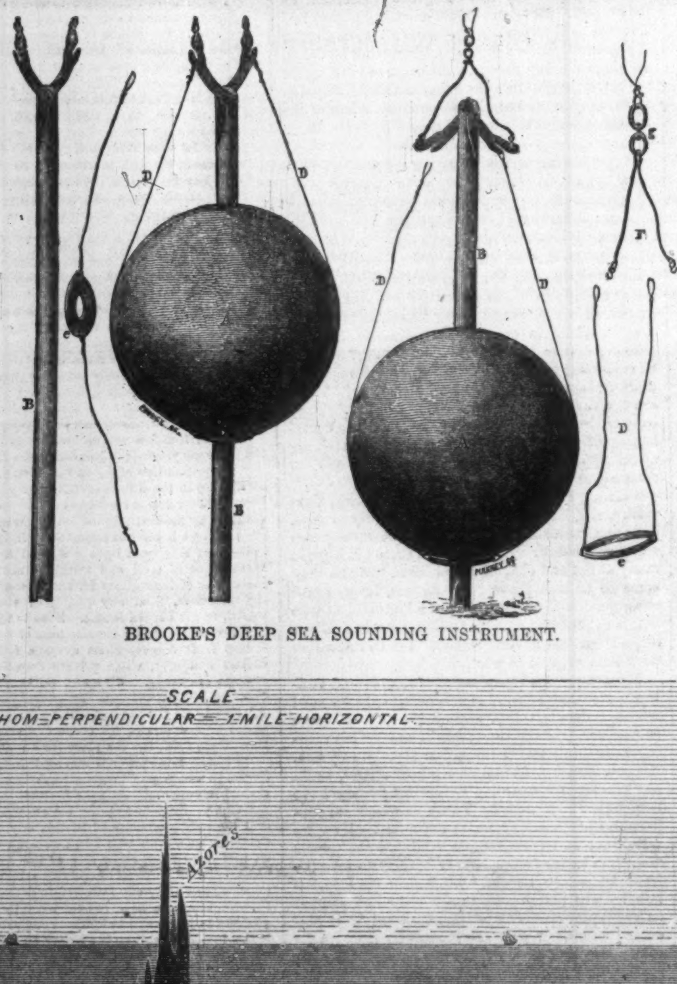
The soundings across the Atlantic between England and America, first begun by the United States Government, and since verified by a British expedition, demonstrated satisfactorily two most important facts bearing upon the possibility of successfully laying the oceanic wire. These were, first, the existence of the elevated level we here illustrate, which at once took the name of "Telegraphic Plateau;" and, second, the remarkable fact that in the ocean depths there is an absolute absence of current or motion of any kind—so that the wire, however small, being once laid, there is no danger of its destruction by abrasion or chafe against the bottom surface. From the series of soundings obtained by Lieutenant Berryman, in the United States Steamer *Arctic*, stretching from the coast of Newfoundland to Valentia Bay, in Ireland, it appears that the depth of water on the plateau nowhere exceeds two miles; and that there is, from a point a little to the eastward of the middle, a gradual slope toward each terminus, with but few irregularities. Along this ridge, so providentially arranged to facilitate the greatest achievement of modern science and energy, there appear to be no rocks or jagged points to endanger the safety of a cable; nothing, in fact, but a deposit of soft mud, which under the microscope proves to be composed of myriads upon myriads of minute shells, each separate and entire—thus proving that there is not, in those depths, even sufficient current or motion to destroy, by abrasion, these fragile structures.

Not least remarkable, in connection with this subject, is the ingenious contrivance invented by passed midshipman (now Lieutenant) John M. Brooke, by means of which it first became possible to obtain samples of bottom from any depth of water at which the lead could reach bottom. The accompanying illustrations will sufficiently explain the operation of this machine, which is known as "Brooke's Deep Sea Sounding Apparatus." Hitherto it had been possible to obtain depths or soundings, but impossible, owing to the necessary slightness of the line and heaviness of the shot, to bring up specimens of the bottom, the shot being always detached.

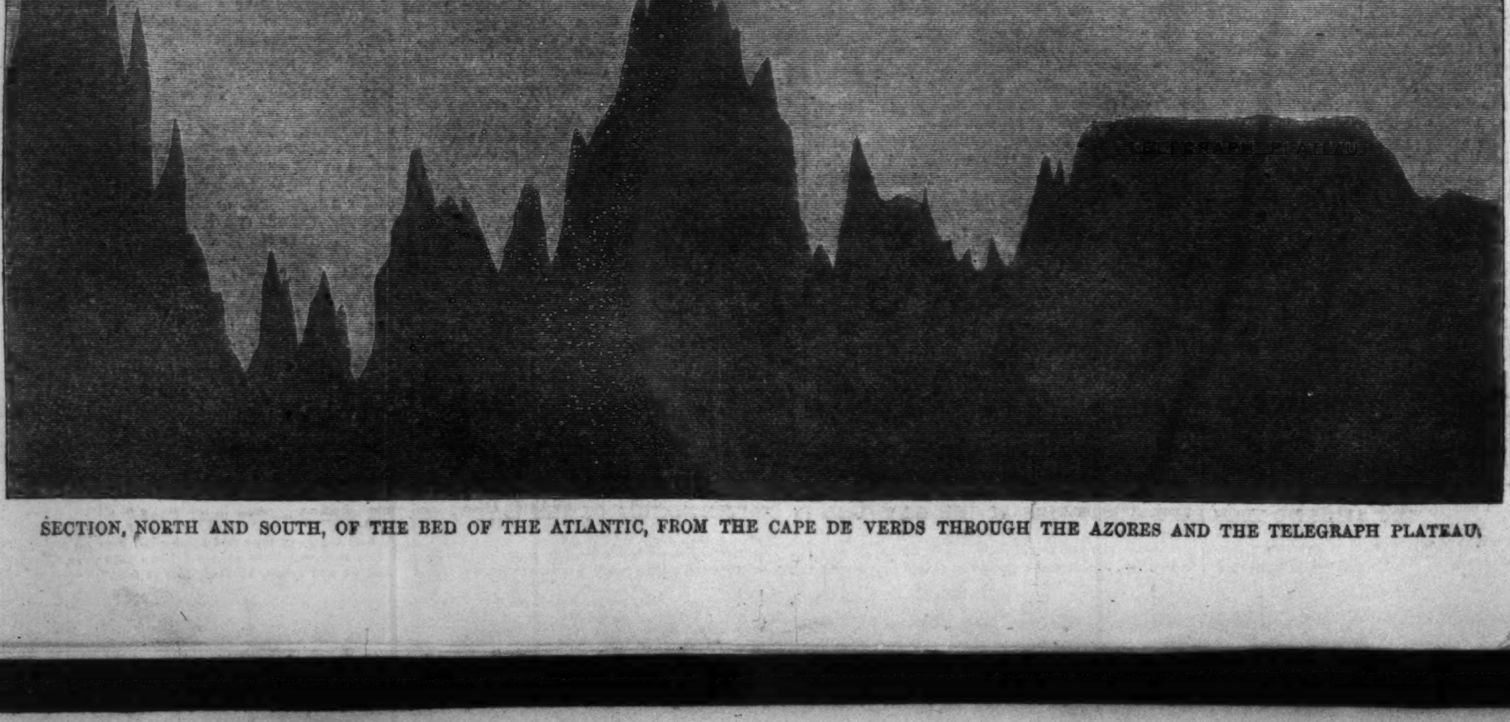
B, in our illustration, is the staff "armed" at its lower end, where there is a small cavity, C, for the purpose, with soap or tallow, to which armature a sample of the bottom clings. A is a common cannon-ball, which has a hole pierced through its centre. It is held in its place on the rod by the slings D D, which slings detach themselves when the machine strikes bottom—



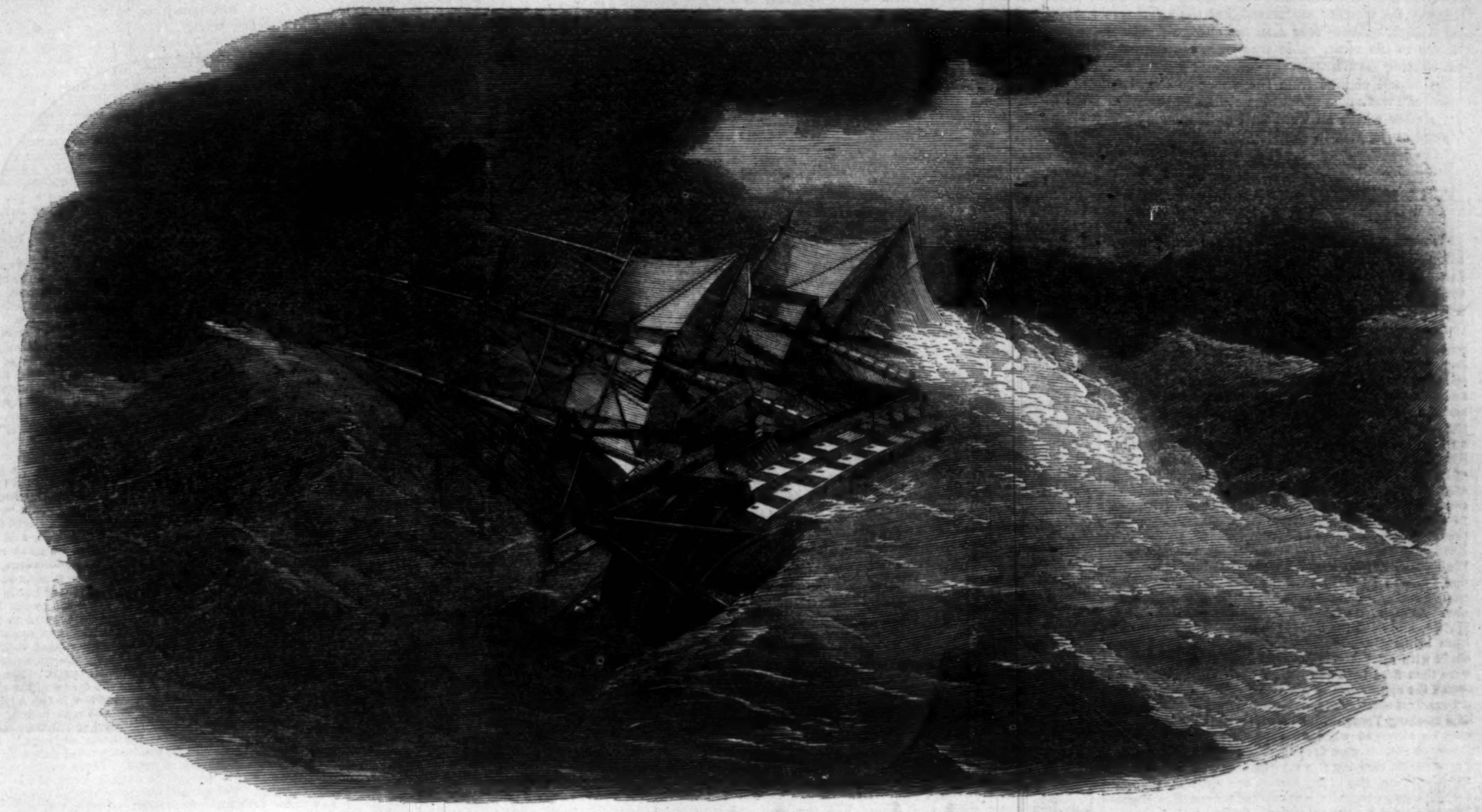
THE CABLE.



BROOKE'S DEEP SEA SOUNDING INSTRUMENT.



SECTION, NORTH AND SOUTH, OF THE BED OF THE ATLANTIC, FROM THE CAPE DE VERDS THROUGH THE AZORES AND THE TELEGRAPH PLATEAU.



THE ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH—THE "AGAMEMNON" ON HER BEAM ENDS.

and not without; thus leaving nothing to be haulled up but the light rod, at whose extreme the armature holds a sample of the bottom. With this contrivance specimens of bottom have been obtained from a depth of more than two miles. The ocean is nowhere on the plateau deeper than 12,000 feet, which at its side soundings have been obtained of 24,000 feet. The surface of the plateau is now thoroughly and faithfully mapped out, from Lieutenant Berryman's survey.

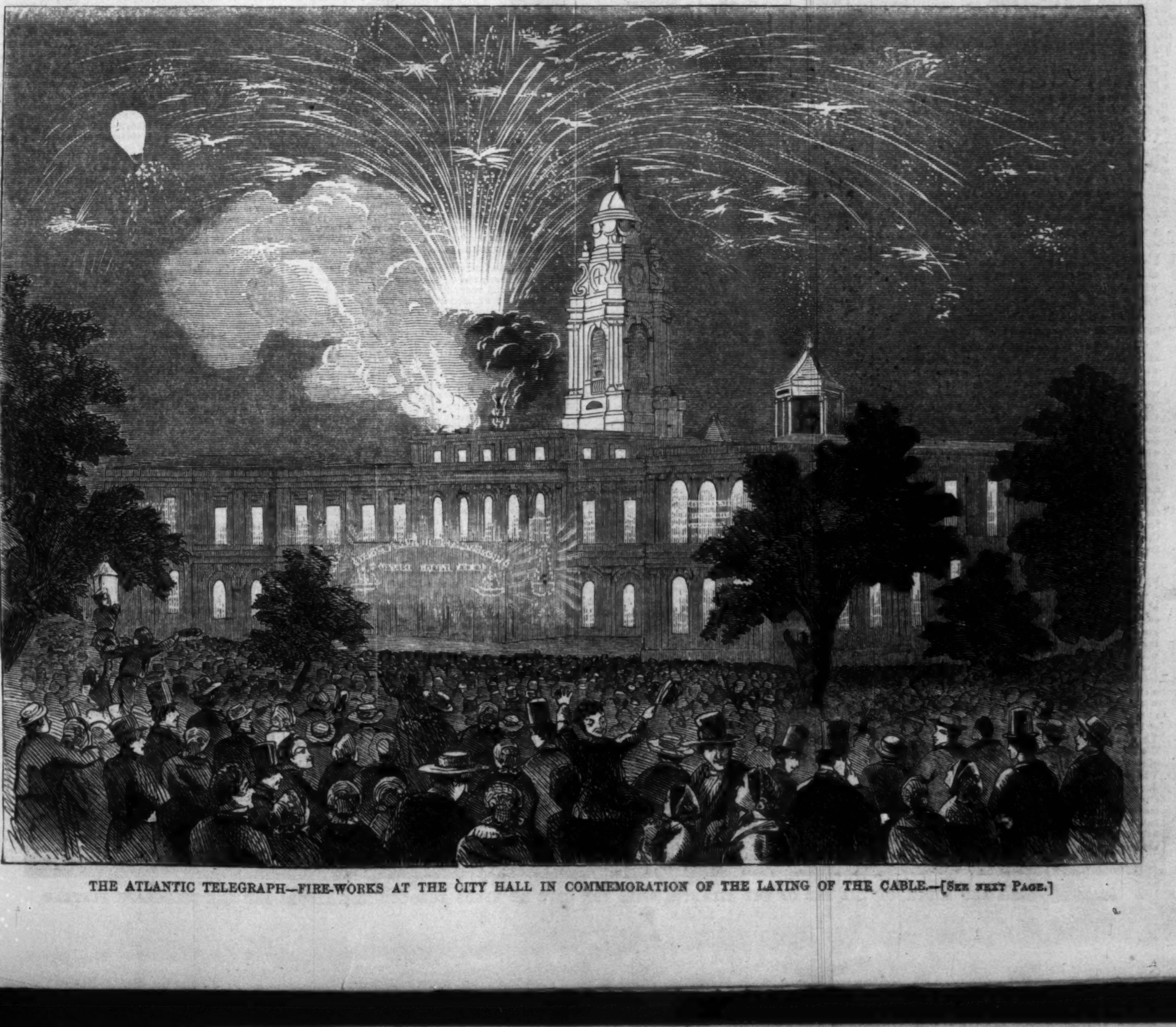
It will be noticed that the sketches of the plateau and ocean bed are not mathematically correct; that the depth of the water, in both, is out of proportion to the length of the scene represented; that the water-line is represented as straight, whereas it is a curve, etc. It was impossible to avoid these inaccuracies. To be mathematically correct, a plan representing a section of the telegraphic plateau, in which the water-depth at the deepest part was given as half an inch, would have required to be at least 33 feet long: on the scale on which the water-depth is depicted above, the picture, to be correct, ought to be over 100 feet long. We trust that this inaccuracy will not prove more deceptive to our youthful reader than those equally inaccurate but delightful scientific toys called orreries.

THE "AGAMEMNON" LAYING THE CABLE.

THE illustration given above depicts the *Agamemnon* in the terrible storm she encountered in laying the cable. How severe the gale was may be inferred from the following telegram from Valentia to the London *Times:*

"From the time the *Agamemnon* left Queenstown, on the 18th of July, until she joined the rest of the squadron at the rendezvous in mid ocean on the 29th, she experienced a continued succession of heavy winds. The splice was successfully made on the afternoon of the 29th, and the ships started toward their several stations. On the evening of the same day a breach of continuity occurred in the cable which lasted one hour and a half.

"The ship was stopped and the machinery repaired, though not till hopes of holding on the cable had been abandoned. During Friday it blew a head gale of wind, against which the ship, under her full steam, could hardly make way, even with yards and topmasts struck. On Saturday, the 31st, the wind shifted round to the southwest, and during that day, Sunday, Monday, and Tuesday, it continued to blow hard, with frequent vio-



THE ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH—FIRE-WORKS AT THE CITY HALL IN COMMEMORATION OF THE LAYING OF THE CABLE.—[SEE NEXT PAGE.]

lent squalls, the sea running tremendously high the whole time, and no one expected the cable to hold on from one minute to the other. On Wednesday the weather moderated, but the swell was still high. About four A.M. the change from the lower to the upper cable was successfully made, and during the afternoon shallow water was gained. The second change from the upper to the orlop deck coil was made about nine o'clock in the evening; after which all went well until the ship anchored at six A.M. in Doulas Bay."

THE ILLUMINATION AT THE CITY HALL.

WE engrave on the preceding page the illumination of the City Hall, New York, on Tuesday, 17th inst., in honor of the success of the Telegraph enterprise. The following account of the scene is from the *Herald:*

"At a quarter to eight o'clock a handsome balloon was sent off from the roof of the Hall, which announced to the impatient mass that 'the fire-works' would, notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather during the afternoon, be 'let off.' A cheer announced its flight to the aerial regions, and rocket after rocket succeeded. From the roof of the Hall showers of rockets, which attained an incredible altitude, succeeded, when the City Hall, like the transformation of a fairy castle, became a 'palace of light.' All the windows were simultaneously illuminated, and, with the aid of three thousand seven hundred candles, the Hall of 'the City Fathers' shone resplendent in the surrounding gloom. A shout of admiration followed, and cheers for the 'cable' succeeded. Dodworth's Band, which were stationed on a commodious stand near the east gate, then struck up 'Hail Columbia,' which was followed by 'God Save the Queen,' and they continued during the night to play popular and enlivening airs. At each gate crimson, green, and other fires were ignited, and until the close of the evening continued to burn brilliantly. Rockets, shells, balloons of candles, shells with colored stars, colored bengaloes, and flights were then fired from the roof of the Hall, until it presented the appearance of a roaring crater, subduing its outpourings occasionally, and presenting the appearance of a smoking Vesuvius. Some idea of the roaring fire may be conveyed when we state that upward of four thousand rockets were fired together, with a large quantity of shells, carrying five colored fires each, and an innumerable quantity of sky rockets and serpents, the latter frequently dispersing a number of the gentler sex who had assembled on the balconies. During the pyrotechnic display from the roof numerous fire balloons ascended from the front of the Hall, causing the utmost excitement among the youngsters."

LITERARY.

ONE of those rarely delightful books, that mark days in the memory of readers, is the MEMOIR AND LETTERS OF THE LATE THOMAS SEDDON, ARTIST, published in England by Nisbet & Co. Seddon was a young painter, belonging to the Pre-Raphaelite school in England, the intimate friend and companion of Hunt. He had never achieved fame, but he had a warm heart and the noblest aspirations. He visited the East, painted in Cairo and Jerusalem, returned to England, married the lady of his love, went abroad again, and died suddenly in Cairo a little more than a year ago.

The book is by no means an ordinary biography. The author, or editor, with commendable judgment has suffered Seddon's letters to tell his brief, sad story. They relate it most eloquently. He wrote many letters home from the East, many to the lady who is now his widow. They are the letters of a poet-artist. Nowhere can be found more perfect sketches of Eastern life than he gives. With his pen as with his pencil a touch sufficed to place an image on the paper. Eastern travelers especially will enjoy these notes.

We have not the space to outline that life whose beauty and perfectness shine on these pages. He was a man of rare mould. Gentle to a fault, kind and loving, trusting every man, winning kindness wherever he went by his own irresistible kindness to all, and just as his name began to be known in his own country, he died on the bank of the Nile, alone, among strangers, but lamented by them with the sincerity of earnest admiration and affection.

A few extracts from the letters of Mr. Seddon must suffice for the present:

"I heard," he says, "a capital story on Friday evening, at Mr. B——'s, of a dandified *attaché* at Constantinople, who traveled into Koordistan, intending to copy Layard, and write a book. He was what he called *roughing* it, with six or seven horses carrying his necessaries, *i.e.*, a few things he could not possibly do without. Among them were the wooden frames for cleaning his boots and shoes, and a case of bottles, of a peculiarly fine varnish, for his polished leathers. He was attacked by the Arabs, who overhauled his kit. When they came to the bottles they opened them, and the varnish being made with Maderia, and scented with all sorts of good things, it smelt so nice that the thieves thought it must be something to drink. In vain did he explain that it was paint for his boots. They were sure that it was too delicious for that, and, in order to try, he should drink some. So they took out one of his own cut-glass tumblers, and made him drink a glass of his own boot varnish!"

Here is not a bad Chinese story, which he picked up in Cairo:

"Mr. B—— related an anecdote to show the contempt of the Chinese for death. When he was in China three robbers had been arrested and were put into a cell in the guard-house; and in the morning the keepers came to say that they had all three hanged themselves, and wished him to come and see them. He went and found the cells occupying the sides of a large room and opening into a corridor, where a policeman walked up and down all night. The only thing in the cell was a pail, and they were constantly visited by the policeman, who looked in at the door. The window was a small round hole, seven or eight feet from the ground, with an iron bar across it. They had turned the pail over and tied a noose around the bar. One then got up and hanged himself. The others then took him down and laid him on the floor. The second did the same, and the third, after taking him down, got up and put his head in the noose, merely slipped his feet off the pail, and died without a single movement, for his legs were hanging on each side of the pail, which was not kicked over. This they had done so noiselessly that neither the prisoners in the next cell nor the keepers had heard any movement."

Just outside the walls of Cairo, on the broad road to Fostat, or old Cairo, is a little cemetery inclosed in high walls, where a few English and American dead sleep in peace, the peace that attends death in all countries. Poor Seddon helped bury a friend there but a little while before he was carried there himself. His grave is marked by a marble slab. The spot is one an artist might choose for a resting-place. To the east, the crumbling mosques which stand on the desert under the Mohattam hills; to the south, the group of buildings among which rests stout Ibrahim Pasha; to the north, the palm groves of Cairo the Blessed; and on the west, calm and solemn, against the sunset sky, the pyramids of Ghizeh.

Better late than never to call attention to Hugh Miller's CRUISE OF THE "BETSEY," published in this country by Gould & Lincoln, Boston. The lamented author left this work among his literary remains. To it are added various sketches and rambles, which have also been published in newspapers, but never collected in a volume, and which are, of course, heretofore wholly unknown in America.

Hugh Miller was a hearty Scotchman—learned, but not pedantic, full of life, and full of love for the good things which life has in abundant store for the cheerful receiver. No man was better fitted to enjoy a yacht voyage or a summer geological ramble. The story of his cruise is the story of a great and good man taking his pleasure, and gaining instruction as he goes along. At the same time there is that magnificent appreciation of the beautiful which we sometimes think no one ever had but Hugh Miller and Wilson, shining on every page. One of the most touching passages that he has ever written is here found, in an account of a visit to a spot where he passed his eighteenth and nineteenth years working as a stone-mason. He recalls his youth; he looks at the stones he hewed; he remembers that, while he was at work on this one, some one came and told him of the death of Napoleon the Great. He finds forests grown up where he had left shrubs; and turning for a while from rock and mountain, the great geologist finds "the fossils of an early formation of mind, produced at a period when the atmosphere of feeling was warmer than now, and the immaturities of the mental kingdom grew rank and large, like the ancient cryptogamiæ." There is more of Hugh Miller himself in the book than in all of his former works together; and who would know the man must read it, and will then re-read it.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH.

THIS great enterprise is at length perfectly successful. Both the Queen's and the President's messages have been transmitted, as well as others on the business of the Company. On 1st September it is intended to open the line for general business. The event has been celebrated with more hearty and general enthusiasm than was ever known to pervade this country.

THE QUEEN'S MESSAGE.

The following was the message of the Queen:

To the President of the United States, Washington:

The Queen desires to congratulate the President upon the successful completion of this great international work, in which the Queen has taken the deepest interest.

The Queen is convinced that the President will join with her in fervently hoping that the Electric Cable which now connects Great Britain with the United States will prove an additional link between the nations whose friendship is founded upon their common interest and reciprocal esteem.

The Queen has much pleasure in thus communicating with the President, and renewing to him her wishes for the prosperity of the United States.

THE PRESIDENT'S REPLY.

WASHINGTON CITY, *Aug.* 16, 1858.

To Her Majesty VICTORIA, *Queen of Great Britain:*

The President cordially reciprocates the congratulations of Her Majesty, the Queen, on the success of the great international enterprise accomplished by the science, skill, and indomitable energy of the two countries. It is a triumph more glorious, because far more useful to mankind, than was ever won by conqueror on the field of battle.

May the Atlantic Telegraph, under the blessing of Heaven, prove to be a bond of perpetual peace and friendship between the kindred nations, and an instrument destined by Divine Providence to diffuse religion, civilization, liberty, and law throughout the world. In this view will not all nations of Christendom spontaneously unite in the declaration that it shall be forever neutral, and that its communications shall be held sacred in passing to their places of destination, even in the midst of hostilities. (Signed) JAMES BUCHANAN.

THE LAST FROM VALENTIA.

Mr. Field sent a dispatch on Wednesday last to England. The following reply was received on Friday from Valentia Bay:

"VALENTIA, *Thursday, Aug.* 19, 1858.

"C. W. FIELD, N. Y.,—The Directors have just met. They heartily congratulate you on your success. The *Agamemnon* arrived at Valentia at six o'clock, A.M., on Thursday, Aug. 5. We are just on the point of chartering a ship to lay the shore ends. No time will be lost in sending them out. All your letters have been posted to New York. Please write me fully about the tariff and other working arrangements. G. SAWARD."

The following dispatches from Trinity Bay and Carbonear were received on Saturday by Cyrus W. Field, Esq.:

"CARBONEAR, *Thursday, Aug.* 19, 1858.

"The cable is working beautifully to-day. I reach Cyrus Station this evening. A. MACKAY."

"TRINITY BAY, *Thursday, Aug.* 19, 1858.

"We sent a very explicit message this morning to Mr. M'Iver, Agent of Cunard steamers, in Liverpool, respecting the disaster to the steamship *Europa.*

"DE SANTY."

FUSION CONVENTION IN ULSTER.

A large assemblage of the electors of Ulster County met in Mass Convention last week at Kingston, and inaugurated the movement for the fusion of the American and Republican parties as against the Administration, by adopting a series of resolutions declaratory of the grounds of their hostility to the Democratic party, and affirming a series of principles on which, it is hoped by them, all the Americans and Republicans in the State may, with propriety, unite. The Convention was addressed by Hons. Joel T. Headley, Horace Greeley, and Mr. Westbrook.

MICHIGAN REPUBLICAN CONVENTION.

The Republican State Convention assembled in Detroit on 20th, and made the following nominations: For *Governor*, Moses Wisner, of Oakland County; for *Lieutenant-Governor*, Edwin B. Fairfield, of Hillsdale; for *Secretary of State*, Nelson G. Isbell, of Livingston; for *State Treasurer*, John M'Kinney, of Van Buren; for *Auditor*, General Daniel L. Case, of Ingham; for *Commissioner of Land Office*, James W. Sanboen, of St. Clair; for *Attorney-General*, Jacob M. Howard, of Wayne; for *Superintendent of Public Instruction*, John M. Gregory, of Washtenaw; for *Member of Board of Education*, Walter J. Baxter, of Hillsdale. Resolutions were passed re-adopting the Philadelphia platform of 1856, condemning the National Administration, indorsing the present State Administration and our representatives in Congress, and, in view of the late annexation of the Old World to the New, declaring that it is the duty of the Federal Government to adopt measures for the construction of a railroad to the Pacific.

THE PRESIDENT WAITING HIS TURN AT A WASH-BOWL.

The Baltimore *Sun* contains the following: "On Saturday last President Buchanan arrived at the Relay House, or Washington Junction, as it is more properly called, *en route* for Washington city. On passing into the bar-room the President threw off his coat and his white neckcloth, carelessly pitching them over a chair, opened his shirt-collar, and tucked up his sleeves for a wash, conveniences for this purpose being in the apartment. At the time, however, both basins were occupied by two young men, neither of whom seemed to be aware that the President was about. He waited patiently some time, when some one spoke and invited him up stairs. He declined, however, quietly remarking that he would 'wait for his turn.' And as soon as the basins were vacated he 'took his turn' in a jolly good wash in the public bar-room. This done, he seemed rather perplexed about the arrangement of his neckcloth, and seemed likely to tie his nose and mouth up in it. Somebody just then offered assistance, and the President was briefly equipped. At about this time a person who had come into the room sung out pretty near to him, 'Look here, I thought the old Pres. was to be here to-day—' The speech was cut short by a nudge, while a momentary comical expression passed across the face of that same 'old Pres.' A cigar was handed to him by a friend; he took a good, satisfying drink of—not 'old rye,' but ice-water, and barely fired up the cigar, when the bell rung, and 'all aboard!' summoned the Chief Magistrate of the United States to his seat in the cars, and away they went to Washington."

COST OF KISSING.

The Boston *Courier* says: "Mr. Barrows, principal of the High School in Palmer, Massachusetts, recently bestowed a kiss upon a handsome female assistant—a fact not very remarkable, nor apparently involving any great wickedness. But somebody saw it done and told the School Committee. It is fair to infer that the individuals composing that body are 'superannuated fogies,' who have long ago forgotten what a kiss is, for they expelled Mr. Barrows from his school. Public sympathy is with the schoolmaster, however; for he has been indorsed by two clergymen, and the people of one section of the town threaten to set up a school on their own account and employ Mr. B., if the School Committee refuse to reinstate him in his former position."

NARROW ESCAPE OF A YOUNG LADY.

A correspondent of the Philadelphia *Inquirer* describes a thrilling scene at Atlantic City a few days since, owing to the perilous position of Miss T——, of Senator Slidell's family, who with Mr. Bonneville, from New Orleans, while bathing, got beyond the surf:

"The lady said she was sinking, and Mr. B., who could not swim, found himself helpless in his efforts to rescue her. I was a spectator of the scene. The gentleman struggled and sunk, but the young lady appeared to be floating easily, and rapidly went out with the receding tide. When the peril of these bathers was fully appreciated, the shrieks of females and the cries of men added to the general alarm. The case seemed hopeless, for there was no boat, no cord, no stick, by which it could be deemed safe to approach the suffering parties.

"Still some bold hearts went to work, and by great effort succeeded in catching Mr. B., who was dragged, apparently lifeless, upon the beach. Even after this was done, the lady still floating onward, but by the energy of Mr. Clayton was aroused from a state of syncope, and made to seize a plank, by which she was drawn to the beach. Her preservation was miraculous, for having learned the rules for floating, she threw herself into the proper position before she became insensible, and thus her body kept upon the surface of the wave. Had she clung to her companion, both must have been drowned."

A MOCKING-BIRD IN COURT.

Two years ago, a man named Clinger brought a valuable mocking-bird from New Orleans to a Western city, and gave it in charge to his father. Subsequently, the elder Clinger, falling out with his son, handed over the bird to his son-in-law, named Yager, to cheat the son; and *he*, after a while, to keep it from the father-in-law, gave it to a man named Walman, on Western row. The bird was passed from one to another, as the various members of the family fell out by the way. The father finally got track of the songster, and went after it, but the daughter-in-law had been too fleet for him, and carried off the prize. Herself and husband then reported that the bird had died, and as an evidence produced a head and some feathers, which were shown to the neighbors as belonging to the "poor, dear, dead and gone." The same night, however, on which the bird was said to have taken its flight to the spiritual bird-kingdom, Yager sold a mocking-bird to a friend, but whether it was the same member of the feathered tribe in dispute, or not, was a question.

The son asserted that it was, and replevined the bird, and the other day the whole family appeared before Justice Harris, and testified. The bird, too, was brought into court, and whistled and sung, and mocked the lawyers, quite in contempt of all rules or legal tribunals. The father contradicted the son, and he in turn the father, in giving their testimony. The son-in-law and his wife both swore that the bird in court was not *the* bird in controversy, but that the original had actually died while in their possession. The bird sold by them, Yager stated he had purchased for four dollars, of a mysterious individual, whom he happened to meet of a dark night, in Walnut Street. Other witnesses testified that they thought the bird in court was the one brought to this city by Clinger. It had the same peculiar tail, the feathers, head, neck, and general appearance. And all the while the bird kept up a continual chatter, as though endeavoring to harmonize the dispute.

The magistrate was puzzled. It was his first bird case since he assumed the honors, and there were no precedents in the books. As the son-in-law and his wife, however, both swore positively to the death of the original bird, he gave judgment for the bird, and assessed the value at $5 50. So Clinger retained possession under his replevin writ, and paid the judgment and costs, which amounted to $17. As the bird was valued at $50, he expressed himself perfectly satisfied, and carried off his songster in triumph.

MAN EATEN BY A FISH.

The body of a man was picked up near Eastport, Maine, one day last week, with a line around his wrist, to a hook on the end of which a large hallibut was attached. As an empty boat had been picked up the day before, it is supposed the man had been hauled overboard from it by the fish.

ENCOUNTER WITH A RATTLESNAKE.

A correspondent of the Salisbury (North Carolina) *Watchman*, writing from Lenoir, Watauga County, narrates the following incident:

"As Mr. James M. Spainhour, of this place, was riding along near the foot of Blue Ridge, on the north side, in Watauga County, and near the river of the same name, on the 20th ult., he had the following very singular and rather dangerous encounter with a rattlesnake:

"As there was a light mist, Mr. S. had his umbrella spread above him. He was riding near a bank on the right hand, higher than his head, occasioned by digging away the earth below, in grading the road.

"Suddenly he heard the ring of the rattlesnake in the direction of the bank, and on looking around saw the snake in the act of springing toward him. It alighted, however, on the top of his umbrella, fastening its fangs in the cloth and tearing out his hold. His weight hove down the umbrella, and he fell off so near the lower edge of the road that in an instant he was over the stone wall supporting the road, and glided out of sight in the thicket below."

PEEPING TOM IN LUCK.

The following is from the Pittsburgh *Dispatch:* "At Murdocksville some young ladies had selected a shady nook, and were enjoying a river bath, when two young fellows, strolling in the woods, heard an unusual plashing in the water, and, 'following their ears,' were amazed and—shall we say it?—delighted, on turning a sharp bend in the river, to behold the water-nymphs floating in the rippling current, fairer than the naiads, and more enchanting than sirens. Concealing themselves, one of the rascals wagered thirty dollars on the swimming powers of a flaxen-haired divinity against a small dark-eyed beauty—the two being the leaders of the party, and the most expert swimmers. The wager was accepted; the two had struck out for a long swim, a strong swim, and a swim altogether, when the 'fair-haired she' shrieked, 'A turtle! a turtle!' and, terribly frightened, sank under the surface.

"It was a struggle between gallantry and duty with the young men; but the one who had accepted the challenge leaped from his hiding-place into the stream, and striking out boldly, succeeded in seizing the insensible and drowning girl, and dragged her to the shore. Of course the remainder of the party had fled, but soon returned, took charge of the nearly inanimate form, and restored her to consciousness. In consideration of the service performed the young fellows were granted absolution. The heroic rescuer of the young lady, however, claimed the thirty dollars, on the score that his nymph had fairly won the match. If it is not dusted up, the young men propose that the ladies shall try it again."

PINED AWAY.

A Cincinnati paper says: "A few months ago, a gentleman residing in the interior of the State, returned from California, bringing with him a little prattling Indian girl, a sweet interesting creature as ever proved a 'well-spring of pleasure' in a household. It was rumored that the mother of the child was an Indian woman, and the father a white man. How that may be, we know not; such, at least, was the supposition. The gentleman, for some reason, did not care to have the child remain in his family, and brought her to this city and placed her in the Orphan Asylum, and promised to call often to see her. For a few days the life surrounding her seemed to furnish sufficient entertainment, but it was soon apparent that something was lacking to satisfy her mind entirely—a void which could only be filled by the presence of some one whom she had learned to call 'papa.' She became listless and melancholy, and the sports of the children failed to please or interest. Visitors to the Asylum patted the little 'Pocahontas,' as she was called, but their attention scarcely ever rallied her spirits. Constantly upon her tongue was the name of 'papa.' She grew weary and tired, and gradually faded like a flower of her own mountains in autumn. There was no apparent disease, but a perceptible wasting away of the natural energies. The gentleman who left her at the Asylum had never called to see his little charge, and although she was nourished and cared for with all the tenderness possible, she slowly drooped, until a few days since, when she died—with the last fleeting breath still murmuring the name of 'papa,' as she had frequently done in her dreams."

DEATH OF A CHILD FROM HYDROPHOBIA.

The Peoria (Illinois), *Transcript* gives an account of the death, by hydrophobia, of a very interesting child, the daughter of Mr. Henry S. Wooder, of Mount Hawley, six miles from that city, between eight and nine years of age, on Friday morning last. The following are the particulars:

On Tuesday of last week, Sarah Ellen returned from school, and complained of feeling unwell, so much so, that she did not attend on the following day, although still able to be about the house. Thursday she was no better, and her parents thinking she was threatened with the typhoid fever, sent for Dr. Murphy, of this city. The Doctor arrived there about two o'clock in the afternoon, and found her sitting upon the sofa at the side of her mother, to all appearances in perfect health; her pulse, however, was very irregular, with an occasional wildness in the eyes, and placing her hand upon her throat, exclaimed, "It troubles me to breathe, mother." Minute inquiries were now instituted, when the fact was elicited which had not been previously thought of, that some five weeks since she had been bitten by a domesticated cat on the outside of her foot. A glass of water was ordered to be brought her, when the sight of it at once threw her into terrible convulsions. This was at two o'clock in the afternoon, and was the first intimation had by her distracted parents of the terrible disease with which their daughter was afflicted. Her agony and struggles in the spasms were awful to behold, and in one of them she bit her mother severely in the shoulder, and at another time scratched the father badly in the hand. In her spasmodic efforts, the saliva from her mouth was at times ejected across the room, and the only relief experienced was by the use of chloroform, which in the end seemed to lose all efficacy. She remained all the time in perfect possession of her faculties, and at three o'clock on Friday morning, exactly twelve hours from the attack of the first spasm, her spirit departed to the God who gave it.

And now comes the most remarkable incident connected with this heart-rending affair. Some four hours previous to her death, and soon after one of her most violent spasms, she told her mother that she had been visited by the spirit of her sister (the family are believers in Spiritualism), who left this earth for the better land about one year since, and that this sister had informed her of certain remedies, which, if applied, would relieve her sufferings and smooth her passage to the tomb. The remedies were applied as soon as possible, and, strange to relate, the desired effect was produced. She was freed from her convulsive fits, was enabled to breathe easier, converse freely with her parents and friends, occasionally drinking a little water, and finally falling into her last sleep as gently as an infant reposing in her slumber.

BANK-NOTES AT TEN CENTS A YARD.

The Memphis *Avalanche*, giving an account of the failure of the Citizens' Bank in that city, mentions the following among the incidents of the day: "When the crowd gathered around, composed mostly of mechanics and working men, with here and there a woman, and at intervals a poor market-man, we observed a little fellow with a wonderfully exaggerated nose, who had a package of the Bowleg's notes in his hands. Some one asked him how much he had; he said, 'these bills, amounting to $300, are the profits of my labor for the last six months—look at my hard hands, and see how I have toiled; I have a wife and children, for whom I must buy bread, and for whom I must provide a shelter and a home; but, gentlemen, it is all gone. They may be houseless wanderers and homeless beggars if I should knuckle to this misfortune. It is all gone.' The little gentleman with the Slaukenbergius nose, which we read about in Tristram Shandy, at this point in his speech 'humped' himself, and began to lay his wild-cat bills in a row down in the centre of the street. When they were thus distributed, he turned to the crowd, saying, 'Gentlemen and ladies, I will sell this —— infernal stuff at ten cents a yard, tape measure.' The crowd roared, and good-humor was thus substituted for the angry feelings for some time manifested, and which, by any accident, might have resulted in the demolition of the bank building."

PERSONAL.

The *Tribune* says: "The fact that Miss Margaretta Fox, one of the family in which the 'Rochester Rappings,' so called, were first known to have occurred, is united with the Roman Catholic Church in this city, has been blazoned in several journals, in terms which clearly imply an impeachment on her part of the integrity and truthfulness of her mother and sister with regard to these 'Rappings.' There is no possible warrant for this. Miss Fox continues to reside with her mother and younger sister (who were present at her baptism last Sunday into the Church to whose doctrines she has for some time been a convert), and has never dreamed of saying or implying that any of her family were guilty of fraud or deception in the matter of the 'Rappings.' She has not herself officiated as a 'medium' for many months past; but D.

D. Hume, who has likewise become a Catholic, is still the most famous and powerful 'medium' in Europe if not in the world."

We learn from the Cincinnati *Gazette* of the 17th inst. that Mrs. Harrison, widow of President Harrison, was very ill at the residence of her son, the Hon. J. Scott Harrison, about twenty miles from Cincinnati. It was feared that she would not survive many hours.

A New York correspondent of the Boston *Gazette* writes: "You remember the story about 'John Dean and his Mary Ann' (Boker)—poor girl, her romance is turned into a miserable reality. He, as I stated some time since, is a marker in the custom-house, and they now occupy the second floor of a house over a corner grocery store on Second and South Third streets, Williamsburg, surrounded by tumble-down shanties and beggarly-looking tenement houses. The only sign of refinement in the apartment is a piano, which the young lady continually strums upon, to the great annoyance of her neighbors; for, truth to say, she is by no means a Thalberg."

On Monday morning as Mr. Staigg, the artist, and Mr. Henry T. Tuckerman, the author, were bathing at Newport, the latter became disabled. They had been swimming on a race, beyond their depth, and Mr. Staigg's skill and strength, it is probable, alone rescued Mr. Tuckerman from a watery grave. Hearing his companion's cry of distress, he sustained him until assistance was no longer needed, and Mr. Tuckerman was taken home, where he was quite ill for a day or two afterward. The accident is attributed to sun-stroke, or, perhaps, to over-exercise in the water.

General Pierce and lady are now in the south of France, and would arrive in a few days at Paris. The distinguished traveler will be the guest of the American Minister, Mr. Mason.

Among the passengers for Liverpool by the *Persia*, Wednesday, was Colonel Thomas Allsop, the alleged would-be assassin of Louis Napoleon.

Miss Jane Lloyd, only child of Jones Lloyd, Lord Overstone, the wealthiest of English heiresses, is to be married to Colonel Lindsey, the "hero of the Alma," who was lucky enough to get nine Russian balls fired into the colors which he carried, without receiving one into his own body. The fortune of Miss Lloyd is stated by the London *Illustrated News* to be from twenty-five to thirty million dollars.

The Richmond *Enquirer* says: "We learn, with pleasure, that Bishop M'Gill, of Richmond, has received from Archbishop Hughes, of New York, a present of a magnificent pair of carriage horses, as beautiful in action as they are to look upon."

FOREIGN NEWS.

GREAT BRITAIN.

PROROGATION OF PARLIAMENT.

Parliament has been prorogued.

The Commissioners for signifying the royal assent to various bills and proroguing the two Houses of Parliament were the Lord Chancellor and three other Lords. The commission having been read, the royal assent was given in the usual form to a number of bills. The Lord Chancellor then proceeded to read Her Majesty's Message, which, as usual, is unmeaning and ungrammatical.

SENSATION PRODUCED BY THE SUCCESS OF THE TELEGRAPH.

At latest dates great anxiety was felt in regard to the Atlantic cable. The first regular message from Newfoundland was received at Valentia on the night of the 9th inst. The speed of transmission is said to be greater than was attained at Plymouth, and the currents were apparently as strong. The shares continued to be quoted at £900. The principal papers give long accounts of the voyage of the *Agamemnon*. The *Times* asks whether it would not be worthy of the nation to confer rewards upon her officers and crew.

DEATH OF MONSIEUR SOYER.

We (*Morning Post*) regret to announce the death of M. Soyer, whose name, in connection with the culinary art, has, for some years past, been familiar to the English reader. The immediate cause of the death of M. Soyer was, we are informed, renal apoplexy. He had, for some months past, been suffering from indisposition, and sought quiet and repose at Norwood, whence he returned on Wednesday last, complaining, however, of general weakness and bodily derangement. M. Soyer shortly after became insensible, and continued in that state up to the moment of his death, which took place on Thursday night a little before ten, at 15 Marlborough Road, St. John's Wood.

Without referring to the consideration of M. Soyer's merits in connection with the art with which his name is associated, we may state that his energy and skill exercised a most beneficial influence upon the health of the troops in the Crimea, and that within a very recent period he has been engaged in organizing a system for improving the soldiers' mess in barracks. In addition to a kind heart and lively disposition, which secured him many friends, M. Soyer possessed much general information, which he turned to a profitable account in the various works on the culinary art published by him during his residence in this country. He has passed from the busy world, carrying with him the respect and esteem of a very large and influential circle of acquaintance.

CORPSES THREE HUNDRED YEARS OLD.

A correspondent of the New York *Evangelist*, now in London, gives the following curious narrative of his visit to the vaults of the Church of St. Sepulchre, in that city:

"A strange sight was recently disclosed to me in St. Sepulchre, one of the oldest, if not the very oldest, church edifice in this city. It stands opposite Old Bailey, the hoary old prison, and not far from St. Paul's Cathedral. This church was partially destroyed by the great fire in London, but early rebuilt. It is an immense edifice, with a very wealthy parish, yet only two or three hundred persons are ever in attendance at their place of worship. Beneath the church are a series of great burial vaults, where interments have been made for many hundred years. The sexton told me it was estimated there were fifteen hundred coffins now entire under the building, and, from an examination, I have no doubt of its truth.

"The atmosphere of the vaults seems to have a remarkable effect in preserving the coffins, if not the bodies, from decay. Descending through an iron door from the church, the other day, we entered a very large apartment, but dimly lighted, where piles of mouldy, black-looking coffins were placed upon each other. These coffins, with their elegant and costly trimmings, had not been decomposed. Climbing up over a heap of them, the sexton opened a large wooden box, and out of it took an entire female figure, in a remarkable state of preservation! The limbs were unbroken, and the body perfect, except the flesh shrunken, yet it was still soft and flexible to the touch. The sexton stated that the officers of the church had recently been examining the vaults, and as burials there had long since ceased, they designed to close the entrance. Before doing so, they had been making a careful survey of the premises, and, under a mass of rubbish in one corner, they found a stone inclosure—a sort of sarcophagus—out of which this female figure was taken. It is believed to be over three centuries old, and evidently, from its position and the stone inclosure, it was a female of rank. It was a strange sight in this subterranean charnel-house, with blackened coffins piled up to the high ceiling all around, to see this entire human figure raised up bodily from its resting-place, and standing erect upon a coffin before you! The fact of its existence is probably known to but few persons; and before this reaches you, the entrance to it will be closed to all further inspection."

JUDAS-HOLES.

A letter lately appeared in the London *Times*, written by a father of a family, who warned his country-women against becoming the victims of a disgusting practice which is stated to prevail, and, we fear, does unquestionably prevail, in many Continental hotels. There are found men sufficiently degraded, and sufficiently audacious, to bore holes in the door, wainscoting, or ceiling of bedrooms, through which they may look, in order to see the ladies within at their toilet. It is said that these holes, which bear the appropriate name of *Trous-Judas*, are specially designed to enable the wretches to study the toilets of English women—either because the unconscious subjects of the treachery are in this case fairer, or because their more scrupulous habits of cleanliness make their toilet longer and more unguarded, or because the traitors enjoy the malignant satisfaction of thinking that their insular modesty would be more deeply shocked if they could but know what was going on. However this may be, English women are represented as the favorite victims, and as attention has been drawn to the practice by a vehicle so public and so widely circulated, it is impossible any longer to ignore the existence of these "Judas-Holes." Many English ladies will feel very uncomfortable henceforth, and will cast glances of apprehension around them while they are going through the inevitable process which must begin and end every day of Continental travel.

THE ADVANTAGE OF PADDING ONE'S CHEST.

While Lord Ward was inspecting the troops at the review of the Worcester Yeomanry, lately, one of the horses kicked his lordship on his chest. Fortunately, the costume of the regiment required that there should be some padding in the breast of the gallant commander's coat, and to this circumstance may be attributed his lordship's freedom from serious consequences. Although the kick was sufficient to prostrate Lord Ward, his lordship soon recovered his feet, and did not seriously suffer from the blow.

FRANCE.

THE FÊTES AT CHERBOURG.

On the arrival of her Majesty, in the *Victoria and Albert*, at Cherbourg, on the 5th, a royal salute was fired by the whole of the French fleet and the forts. Shortly afterward the Emperor visited her Majesty on board the royal yacht. The harbor and roadstead were crowded with steamers and yachts, exhibiting the gayest colors. Great enthusiasm prevailed, and the illuminations at night were most brilliant and extensive. The Queen and Prince Consort were to breakfast at the Prefecture with the Emperor at twelve yesterday, and their Majesties were to dine together on board the *Bretagne*.

The Paris *Moniteur* of the 5th contains the following:

"Cherbourg, *August 4, 25 minutes past 6 P.M.*

"The journey of their Majesties, favored by beautiful weather, continues to be performed under agreeable circumstances. The imperial train, which left Caen at twelve o'clock, arrived at Bayeux at thirty-five minutes after twelve. Their Majesties received the authorities of the town in the saloon of the station. A piece of lace was presented to the Empress by the young ladies of the place. Their Majesties entered a carriage and went to the cathedral, where they were received by the Bishop at the head of his clergy. The line was formed by the firemen and detachments of the rural communes. At Carentan the august travelers were received with enthusiasm. The Emperor examined with great interest the models of the horses of the Cotentin, which were presented to him. The imperial train arrived at Cherbourg at five o'clock. The station presented an admirable *coup d'œil*. Their Majesties were received with the loudest acclamations. The Mayor of Cherbourg presented the Emperor with the keys of the town. An altar was raised in the middle of the station. The Bishop of Cotances, surrounded with his clergy, intoned the Te Deum, which was followed by the reception of the authorities. Their Majesties entered the town amidst the immense body of people who had collected on their road."

PROGRAMME OF THE FESTIVITIES.

The following was the programme drawn up by the civil and military authorities for the reception of the Emperor and Empress, and the celebration of the several days of their stay in Cherbourg:

August 4. Their Majesties will be received at the railway station by the authorities, civil, naval, and military.

The keys of the town will be presented to his Majesty by the Mayor and the Municipal Council.

The benediction and inauguration of the railway will take place in presence of their Majesties.

All the land and sea forces will be under arms; they will be placed in rank from the railway station to the Hotel of the Prefecture. The arrival of their Majesties will be announced by a salute of artillery.

All the ships of the squadron, as well as the forts of the road, and Forts Ouglet and L'Amiral, will be decorated with flags; all the buildings of the port will also hoist their respective flags.

On the arrival of their Majesties at the Prefecture the Empress will receive the wives of the principal officials, and the young ladies deputed to offer her Majesty a *corbeille* of flowers and lace.

The public offices, the ships of the squadron, and the breakwater will be illuminated every evening during the stay of their Majesties.

The officers and public functionaries are requested to illuminate their residences and decorate them with flags.

August 5. This day being reserved by the Emperor and Empress for the reception, on board the *Bretagne*, of her Majesty the Queen of England, a future order will be issued as to the proceedings of the day.

The regatta will take place in the road of Cherbourg, in the presence of the united naval forces and the Royal Yacht Squadron.

August 6. This day their Majesties will visit the ships of the squadron in the road, and land on the breakwater.

August 7. Their Majesties will leave the Hôtel of the Prefecture in the morning, and pass through the town and environs. At noon their Majesties will proceed to the military port to open the grand inner basin of the works.

In the evening a ball will be given to the Emperor and Empress by the town of Cherbourg at the Hôtel de Ville.

August 8. At nine o'clock in the morning the Emperor will inaugurate the equestrian statue of Napoleon.

The departure of their Majesties is fixed for two o'clock P.M.

SPEECHES OF THE SOVEREIGNS.

The Queen and Prince Consort were entertained at dinner by the Emperor of the French, on board the line-of-battle ship *Le Bretagne*.

The Emperor, in proposing the health of her Majesty and the Royal Family of England, made a speech, in which he said: "I am happy to be enabled to express the sentiments by which I am actuated upon this occasion of the Queen's visit to Cherbourg. The facts do indeed speak for themselves, and prove that the hostile passions which were excited by some unfortunate incidents have never been able to alter the friendship which exists between the two countries, or the desire of the people to remain at peace. I have, therefore, the fond hope that if any attempt were made to revive again the rancors of a former period, such attempt would be foiled with the good sense of the public, as the waves are baffled by yonder breakwater, which at this moment serves to protect the squadrons of both empires against the violence of the sea."

The Prince Consort, on behalf of her Majesty, responded to the toast, in doing which he said:

"The Queen is most sensible of the words we have just heard, which will forever be dear to her. The Queen is doubly happy in having an opportunity by her presence here to join the Emperor in endeavoring to draw together as closely as possible the ties of friendship which exist between the two nations. That friendship has their mutual prosperity for its basis, and the blessings of Heaven will not be wanting to confirm it."

TERMINATION OF THE FÊTES.

Queen Victoria left on the 6th under a triple salute. The *fêtes* were continued on the 7th by the inauguration of the Napoleon dock and the launch of the man-of-war *Ville de Nantes*. The consumption of gunpowder during the *fêtes* was enormous. It was rumored that Napoleon will return Victoria's visit in a private friendly way at Osborne during the autumn. The Emperor had ordered a pyramid of granite to be erected at the head of the new dock to perpetuate the Queen's visit. The *fêtes* terminated on the 8th with the inauguration of the statues of Napoleon I. The Emperor delivered a pacific speech on the occasion, saying it appeared to be part of his destiny to accomplish by peace the great designs conceived during war. He said the Government would not wage war except in defense of the national honor and the great interests of the people. The Imperial visitors embarked for Brest on the 8th.

AMNESTY FOR THE PRESS.

It is stated positively that the Emperor, on the occasion of his *fête*, will publish a decree granting a full and free pardon for all offenses of the press previously committed. It is added that several of the restrictions by which the press is trammeled are to be removed, but all future offenses are to be punished with increased severity.

A QUEER STORY ABOUT THE EMPRESS.

The lofty and prominent station attained by that distinguished lady who shares the throne of France with Napoleon III. has attracted (says the Paris correspondent of the *Morning Advertiser*) public attention of late to some law proceedings which took place some time past at Valladolid and Arevallo—proceedings which throw some doubts upon the paternity of that illustrious lady. There has been a great demand for the Spanish law journals of 1827 and the following year. On searching through the files of that period we find the subjoined curious account of the nullity of a divorce pronounced in 1813 between a Spanish wife and husband:

"Don Joaquim de Montijo, captain of the regiment of Segovia, married, in 1810, Donna Maria de Penansande, belonging to a respectable family of Fontepelayo, near Segovia. Shortly after his marriage he was taken prisoner of war, and was carried off to France, whither he was followed by his wife as soon as she ascertained that he had obtained an appointment as commandant of prisoners of war, which made some addition to his pay. Although Donna Maria went to France in compliance with her husband's request, she does not appear to have lived happily with him. Dissensions soiled the domestic hearth; mutual recriminations, each charging the other with adultery, brought about a separation. Don Joaquim having lost his appointment in consequence of the removal of the prisoners of war from Bourges to Dijon, took service in the French army, being driven thereto by want. His wife, finding again that he had the means of supporting her, went to his regimental quarters, but was repelled by him with disdain, and refused admission. Their divorce was finally pronounced by the French law courts in November, 1813. On the return of Ferdinand VII. to Spain, Donna Maria returned to Fontepelayo with her son, aged two years and a half, and lived there for six years with her family. Her husband remained in France till 1820, when Ferdinand took oath to renew the Constitution of 1812. He then returned to Spain, and resided at his native town of Arevallo, where he had some property; from thence he wrote to his wife to claim his son. She refused to send the child. Don Joaquim went to exercise his paternal right, but Donna Maria refused to give him up. Don Joaquim returned home without his child; but after a few weeks he went back to Fontepelayo, fell in love again with his wife, and proposed that they should live together again and say nothing about the divorce, which was known only to her family and his brothers. She returned with him to Arevallo, and there resided with him until October 30, 1823, when he died from the effects of a fall from his horse.

HER MOTHER'S TROUBLES.

"Her son inherited his father's property under the guardianship of his mother, who continued to reside at Arevallo. We say her son, because, although at the death of Don Joaquim she had a daughter, aged nine months, the child died shortly after the death of its father. In the year 1830 she had also the misfortune to lose her son, and her grief was embittered by the conduct of her late husband's brothers, Don Antonio and Don Brantio de Montijo, who ordered her to leave their late brother's house, she having no right to call herself his widow, having by her infamous conduct necessitated a divorce. She refused to leave her house: proceedings were instituted before the Corregidor of Arevallo, Don Joaquim Beneito, who delivered his sentence on the 16th of June, 1827, that whereas a divorce had been pronounced in France in 1813, it had not been annulled by after cohabitation; consequently, in fault of heirs direct, she must restore the property of Don Joaquim de Montijo to his brothers. Against this sentence Donna Maria went to the Royal Chancery of Valladolid, and after many months' litigation the original judgment was quashed. 'Whereas Donna Maria de Penansande was married on June 8, 1810, to Don Joaquim de Montijo, and whereas the divorce was pronounced in a foreign country, then under the rule of a usurper, under a government as illegal as irreligious, and not recognized in Spain, and whereas such divorce had been annulled by the ultimate remorse of the parties, declares Donna Maria entitled to the life-interest in the property of her late husband, to revert to his brothers at her demise.'"

CHRONOLOGICAL DIFFICULTIES.

Now, dates are troublesome things. The French *Moniteur*, of the 4th June last, announced that the Empress Eugénie had attained her 32d year on the preceding day, and had received the congratulations of her friends on the occasion. According to the official *Moniteur*, therefore, the Empress Eugénie was born on the 3d of June, 1826, and according to the undisputed testimony of registers and other documentary evidence, her father died on October 30, 1823, from the effects of a fall from his horse. These things doubtless admit of explanation, but none has yet been given. Indeed, the French *Gazette de Tribunaux* of September 21, 1831, which contains the verbatum report of the *cause celebre*, has been forcibly abstracted by Imperial ukase from the files of that journal which are kept for reference in the reading-room.

EXECUTIONS AT BORDEAUX.

Two executions took place at Bordeaux a few mornings ago, one of Desbat, for the murder of his aged father, and the other of Bonnecarrere, for the murder of a servant girl, to facilitate a robbery. On the evening before the executions the chaplain informed them that there was no chance of their lives being spared, but he did not say on what day they were likely to be executed. Desbat, who, since his condemnation, had paid great attention to his religious duties, manifested profound terror; but the other was calm, and, asking for pens and paper, passed a great part of the night in writing. At four o'clock in the morning the two men were told that their last day had arrived. Desbat exclaimed, "All is over then!" and sank fainting to the ground, while Bonnecarrere displayed no emotion whatever. Both attended Divine service in the chapel, and received the Sacrament. They were then pinioned, and Desbat, as is usual in cases of parricides, had his feet bared, his head covered with a black vail, and a white shirt put over his clothes. At about five o'clock Desbat was conveyed in a cart to the scaffold; he was so overcome with emotion that he had to be supported up the steps. On arriving on the platform he knelt, kissed a crucifix, and received the benediction of the chaplain. The executioners then came forward, and in a few seconds he was dead. The priest then went back to the prison, and presently returned in the cart with Bonnecarrere. This man, who, for some time after his condemnation, had turned religion into contempt, but had latterly manifested repentance, appeared to listen with great attention to what the ecclesiastic said. He ascended the steps of the scaffold firmly, and after kneeling for a few seconds, gave himself up to the executioners. It is calculated that not less than 20,000 persons were present, among whom were many women.

SPAIN.

THE QUEEN'S PROGRESS.

The Madrid journals of the 31st ult. do not yet record the arrival of the Queen at Gijon, but they publish telegraphic dispatches, stating that on the 30th ult. her Majesty, with the King and royal children, was at Mieres, in the Asturias. These dispatches add that in the Asturias the Queen was received with extraordinary enthusiasm, the people having flocked down from the mountains to see her Majesty, and that numerous triumphal arches were erected on the road on which she was to pass. At Pajares, on the way to Mieres, the illustrious personages partook of breakfast. It is related that at Leon the Queen appeared on a balcony to show the little Prince of the Asturias to the people, but that, as it was dusk they could not see him well, and accordingly her Majesty had a lighted candle brought and held up before his face. This little incident increased the popular enthusiasm. At Oviedo, where the Queen was to go after leaving Mieres, a triumphal arch was to be erected in loaves of bread; and after the Queen should have passed through it the bread should have been given to the poor. The palace in that town in which the Queen was to stay had been purchased by the municipality for presentation to the Prince of the Asturias.

GERMANY.

A NEW STYLE OF DUELING.

The Vienna correspondent of the Brussels *Independence* writes: "The dueling fever here appears to have become epidemic. Some cavalry officers have met in this way during the last few days; but what do you think of the following? Two young men of Lemberg wished to fight: but, in order to escape the disagreeable consequences which the death of one entails upon the other, they resolved to draw lots as to which of the two should kill himself! He whom fate favored was to quit the city, recalling, in a letter to his adversary, the terms of their agreement; and actually the unhappy young man, obedient to the exigencies of mistaken honor, did not fail to blow out his brains on the day and the hour fixed."

A ROMANCE OF THE PRUSSIAN PEERAGE.

We find the following in the *Court Journal*: "Among other historical obscurities with which Paris is filled at this moment may be quoted Herr Baron G——, who, enriched and ennobled by the King of Prussia, rose from the humblest origin to a position of high consideration in the world. While the present Prince of Prussia, then an infant of some three years of age, was staying at the Palace of Babelsberg, by some negligence of his nurse he was left alone for a few minutes in an apartment on the third floor. With the marvelous instinct of mischief peculiar to children of that age, the little Prince took immediate advantage of the absence of the nurse to accomplish a feat of which he had, doubtless, been for a long time ambitious, and which consisted in an agreeable walk outside the window, upon the narrow ledge of the coping-stone, whence he could conveniently climb up the back of the lion rampant which supports the entablature of the frontispiece which adorns the building. A poor blacksmith's workman, who had been sent for to execute some repairs in the palace, was just coming up the garden, and beheld, with horror, the situation of the child. With true presence of mind he hastened gently to the spot beneath the window, following every movement of the urchin with the keenest anxiety, and extending wide his leather apron as he gazed upward to watch the first symptom of giddiness which should occur to the bold little adventurer. As the child drew nearer to the lion the ledge no longer afforded such firm footing, and presently, with a loud cry, he pitched over, from that terrific height, right into—the leather apron of the blacksmith, which sustained the shock without failing, and in another moment the little Prince was restored, safe and well, to his parents, who, in token of their gratitude, took immediate charge of the fortune of the brave young workman, and bestowed upon him a handsome pension, with the title of Baron, to both of which he has done honor during a well-spent, useful life."

ITALY.

HOW TO PUNISH A BAD WIFE.

The *Corriere Mercantile* of Genoa relates the following curious mode of taking revenge on an unfaithful wife: "A wealthy inhabitant of the Vico dei Vecchietti (a street in Genoa) had obtained unequivocal proof of his wife's bad conduct. Without getting into a passion or proceeding to violence, as most people would do in such a case, he simply turned his wife out of doors with her paramour, and then sent for a carpenter, whom he directed to set up a catafalque, such as is used in Roman Catholic churches for the funeral service. This done, he sent invitations to all his friends for the following evening, when they found the room lit up with burning tapers. Their host made them stand round the catafalque, and requested them to chant the service for the dead, he himself acting as conductor, thus intimating that his wife was thenceforward dead to him. He then conducted them to a well-provided table, where he entertained them until late hour."

RUSSIA.

PROGRESS OF EMANCIPATION.

The St. Petersburg *Gazette* contains two ukases, one of which relates to the peasants of the appanages assigned to the princes of the reigning family, the management of which is confided in Russia to a special Ministry. By this ukase these peasants receive several prerogatives which render them almost free men. They can now purchase and sell landed property on their own account, while hitherto they have only been able to buy and sell in the name and through the agency of the administration of appanages. These peasants can, moreover, henceforth carry on civil prosecutions without the assistance of the Procureur of the appanages, whose interference will for the future be at the will of the plaintiffs. Lastly, by this ukase the peasants will have the power of disposing of their property by will, and have the facility of entering into the classes of traders and burgesses, in consequence of the suppression of the dues hitherto paid to the administration of the appanages, which amounted to from 6000 to 1500 rubles, and which are now replaced by a payment of from 15 to 40 rubles to the fund for discharged soldiers belonging to the class of peasants. By another ukase the Emperor suppresses the committee of military censorship, and transfers its attributions to the civil one. There will be henceforth a person appointed by the Minister of War to whom the civil censors will communicate the manuscripts of military works. A report will be made on the merits of each, and the final decision on them will come from the Minister of Public Instruction.

CHINA.

THE LATEST FROM CHINA.

Hong Kong dates are to June 23, and Pei-ho June —. The gun-boats had advanced to Tien-Sin without opposition, and commanded both the river and great canal. The English and French Embassadors were located ashore near Tien-Sin. The American and Russian fleet had followed the allies up the river. A Mandarin of high rank, the second officer in the empire, had arrived from Pekin as special Commissioner to negotiate. Reinforcements continued to be dispatched from Hong Kong. Canton continued much disturbed—several Europeans and Sepoys are reported as having been murdered.

OCEANICA.

DISCOVERY OF A CHRISTIAN ISLAND.

We see it stated upon what may be considered reliable authority that 30,000 Christians have recently been found upon an island north of Celebes. It has been rumored for a time that there was there a Christian people forgotten and forsaken, which, however, yet possessed three Bibles, and continued steadfast in the faith. When missionaries first landed on the island they met with a school teacher and his pupils, who repeated in the Malayan tongue, "As the heart panteth after the water brooks, so panteth my soul after thee, O Lord." No Bibles were found, but its most precious promises were written upon the bark of trees. They knew the Apostles' Creed, and the Heidelberg Catechism, and the Christian customs. Twenty-seven churches and schools yet existed. Through the instrumentality of Pastor Heldring, founder of the Magdalen Asylum at Steinbeck, and chief patron of Inner Missions in Holland, four missionaries, who had been educated under the venerable Goesner, were sent out, and three thousand persons baptized. This is certainly an interesting discovery. The island on which these Christians were found belongs to the East India Archipelago. The Dutch have for years had political rule in this region. This may account for the original introduction of Christianity among this people, and for the fact that the Heidelberg Catechism was still found in their possession. But still, the particular time and circumstances in which this introduction took place may well challenge special attention, and elicit investigation from those who have the leisure and facilities for prosecuting it.

BELLE-LIFE AT NAHANT.

"Of the bells—
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells—"

THE late Mr. Edgar Allan Poe sang very sweetly about the bells. He told of the

"Silver bells!
What a world of merriment their melody foretells!"

and every body who has been in society for ten years, or five, or even one, knows all about the merry silver bells. If they do not, I beg to introduce them to my cousin Lilian—"airy, fairy Lilian," as one of her admirers aptly called her; for a silver little bell she is, and her mingled laugh and talk ring out like a peal of silver chimes.

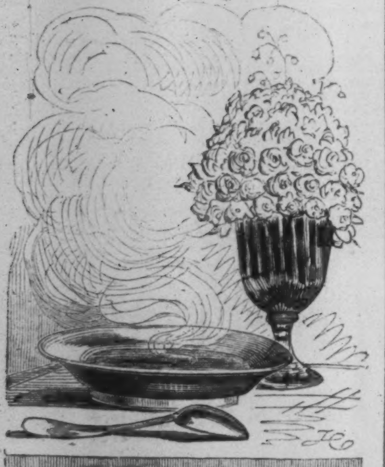
Ah! and then the poet, with exquisite instinct and knowledge of the world, after telling us of the melody of the merry silver bells—up to the age, say, of seventeen, implores us to

"Hear the mellow wedding bells,
Golden bells!
What a world of happiness their harmony foretells!"

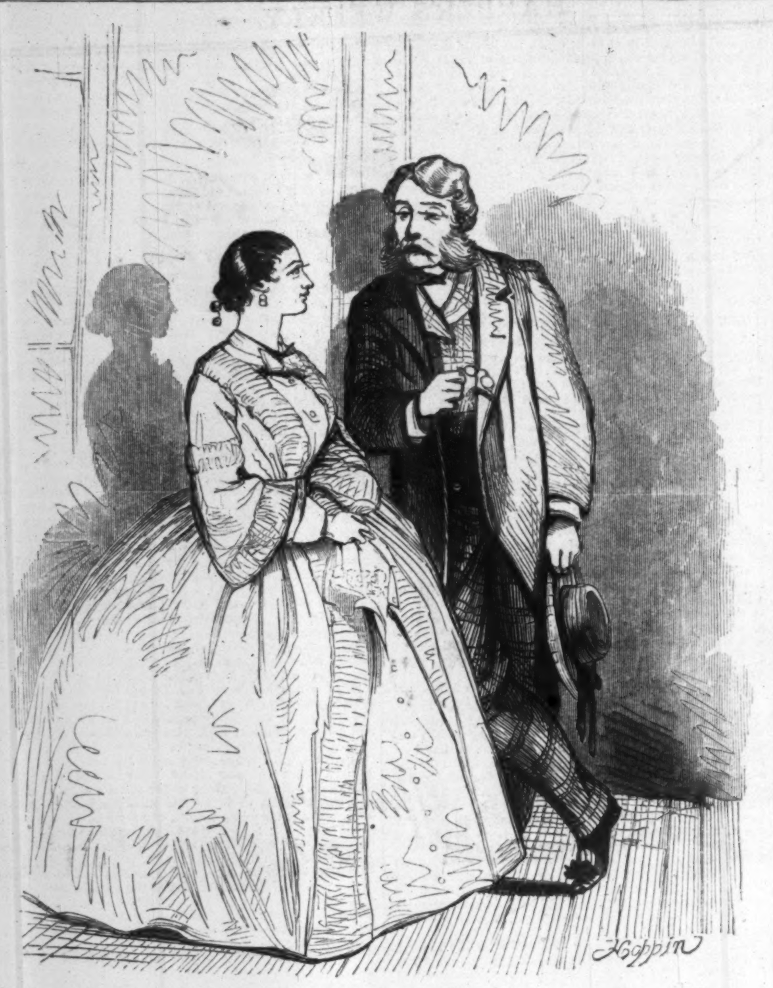
To be sure it does! It is only your genuine golden bell that makes a truly mellow wedding bell. There was Claribel Coyne, my old schoolmate—old Bullion's grand-daughter, who used to have fifty dollars a week for pocket-money, and never less than twelve men wanting to dance with her at the same time. She was what I call a golden bell; irregular, perhaps—a little capricious, I have heard; there were even rumors of ill temper. But it is ridiculous to associate ill temper with a girl named Claribel, with fifty dollars a week pin-money. When she became a mellow wedding bell, and we had the cards, "Mrs. Persimmon Fitzaloes, *née* Coyne," ill-natured young men whom I snubbed when they made love to me, because I knew that they had been suitors of Claribel's, used to say, "Old Coyne gave her Fitz to get rid of her!"

People who are not on easy terms with Coyne are very apt to disparage him and his whole family. But their real character is most amiable, as I happen to know from Tom Dyce, who told me confidentially (and I tell it to you in the same way) that he had a poor opinion of the Coyne connection—he thought them distant, hard to be intimate with—until one day the aunt, with whom he lived, married into the family, who instantly came to see her in large parties; "in fact," said Tom, "there was no end of Coyne for months, and I was immensely pleased."

Mr. Poe tells of one other kind:



FIRST COURSE.



AFTER BREAKFAST.

"Hear the loud alarum bells!)
Brazen bells!
What a tale of terror, now, their turbulency tells!"

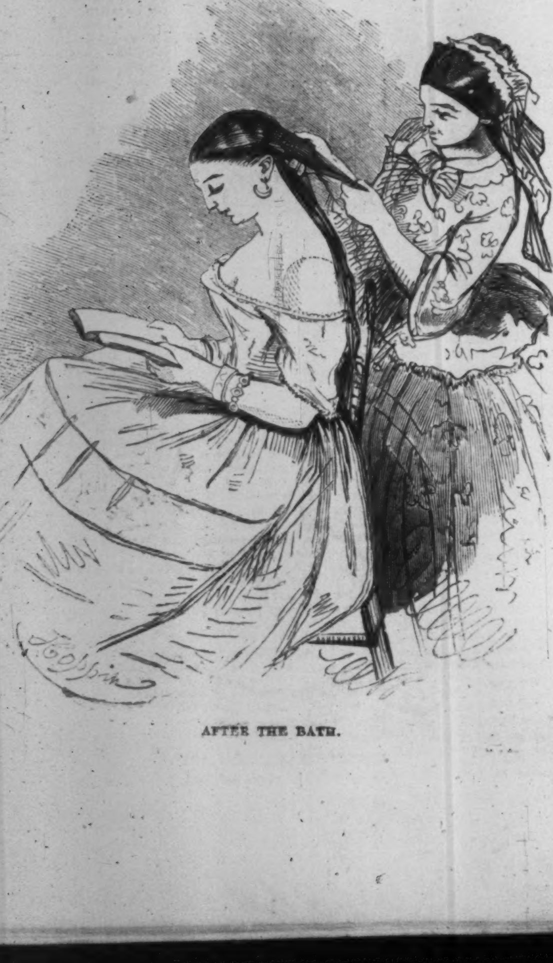
I rather believe that my aunt, Miss Catawba Green, aged forty-seven, who *will* giggle and talk loud, and flirt her fan, and speak of "us girls" as she used to nearly thirty years ago, when she was really young and pretty, knows all about the "brazen bells." If she doesn't, who on earth does?

Only, why did Mr. Poe always spell belle without the *e*?

Here at Nahant we always put the *e* to it, and I have heard Mrs. Quincy Granite say that Mr. Willis used to use the *e* when he wrote those pleasant stories about Nahant life thirty years ago. I don't know any thing pleasanter to read now than those Slingsby stories of Willis. When I first read them, and became acquainted with Blanche Carroll and the rest, I was a very small school-girl, and I read them on the sly; but I said to myself that girls were girls, and that I might be a belle as well as any body else, if I only resolved to do it. So I did resolve, and you may ask any body now at Nahant—yes, and I think there are witnesses to be found also at Newport and Saratoga, who will tell you whether I have succeeded.

It isn't enough to be pretty and modest to be a belle. Good manners are not the secret, neither is great beauty alone, though that comes nearer than any thing else. But don't you know what people call *tone* in pictures? It isn't the color nor the drawing only, it is a sort of something not to be described; at least, I have asked a great many of the long-haired, bad-hatted gentry who paint pictures, and they never agreed what it was. It is a sort of mellow complexion over the whole thing, and is as different from mere color as the bloom upon a ripe grape or plum is from the crude positive hue of the unripe fruit. Or didn't you ever notice the difference? No? Well then come to Nahant, and you can study every variety of blush and bloom upon ripening fruit in Mr. Tudor's gardens behind those thick-paled fences, that strain these rough sea-winds into soft zephyrs before they touch his trees, very much as a fine-tooth comb would transform the rummy breath of any old sailor on the coast into a kind of music before it polluted a baby's lungs.

All this means *tact*. To be a belle, it is necessary to be handsome, well made, of great good manners, and of consummate tact. Now every girl can have almost every thing but the chief thing. If you are not positively squint-eyed or deformed, resolution and Madame—well, the freshest French woman—will make you handsome and of good figure. Manners you must manage for yourself. I have found the best rule perfect kindness—I mean, of course, kindness of manner. Most men are a little bashful with women. Young men get over it by bravado—older men with a kind of silent, superior, condescending air. Now, if you study never to take advantage of this shyness, which makes men doubly sensitive—so that many a clever man is conscious of being a perfect fool with women—if you never wound them by look, or word, or insinuation, or implication, and never seem in league with any one man against any other—why, a little judicious flattery of manner only, not of words, does the whole business—the man is yours.



AFTER THE BATH.

Have you never noticed that very "smart" women are never belles? There are, of course, what may be called "loud" young ladies from some Western cities, and from New York sometimes, who smoke, and drink sherry cobblers at night, and call the gentlemen by their Christian names, and who are always very conspicuous; but there is the same difference between such people and belles that there is between notoriety and fame.

The difficulty is that tact is not to be taught; it is the subtlest sympathy constantly on the alert. Its aim is to please—positively, by saying and doing what is agreeable; and negatively, by omitting all allusions that are not so. "Never speak of hemp to a man whose father was hanged," is the negative way of stating tact.—"All things to all men," is the positive way.—There is no need of asking me about the morality of this. I am treating of belles and manners, not of saints and moral philosophers.

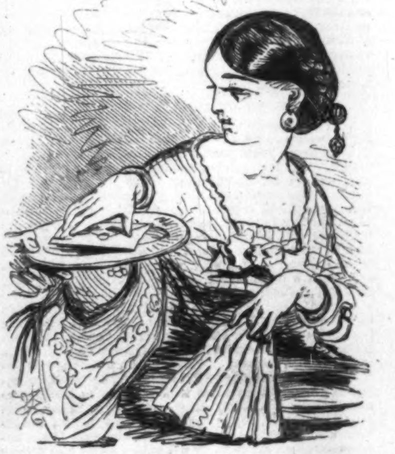
One thing, however, I am free to say to you in strict confidence; and that is, that good manners are not always indicative of good morals. I mean, of course, using the word manners in the usual sense. If you see a man or woman every day, you would naturally presently discover their sympathies and tastes. They would betray them involuntarily. For instance, if a man cared nothing for children—if he were impatient or ill-tempered—he could conceal it for some time, but not for a long time, unless he had some very desirable end to serve by playing a huge and difficult game.

But for all that, if the great D—— should ever come to Nahant, or Newport, or Saratoga, which of course he never does—for where could he stay, and what could he do?—and, entering his name upon the book as the Rev. Mr. Lamb, should mingle in the charming groups that swarm along the piazza or sit so amiably in the parlor, I think the manners of the reverend gentleman would be so winning and entertaining, that the young men would view him without jealousy, and the old without cynicism. The young women would consider disparity of years nothing, where hearts were truly united; and the old ladies would seriously ponder how much they might reduce the necessary figure for their daughters, in consideration of certain personal advantages in the husband. Old and young would go to bed charmed with the manners of their new acquaintance; nor, among the other dreams of the night, would the fancy obtrude itself that, when the Rev. Mr. Lamb went off, he disappeared in smoke, and that the gentlemanly companion of an evening could such an awful tale unfold.

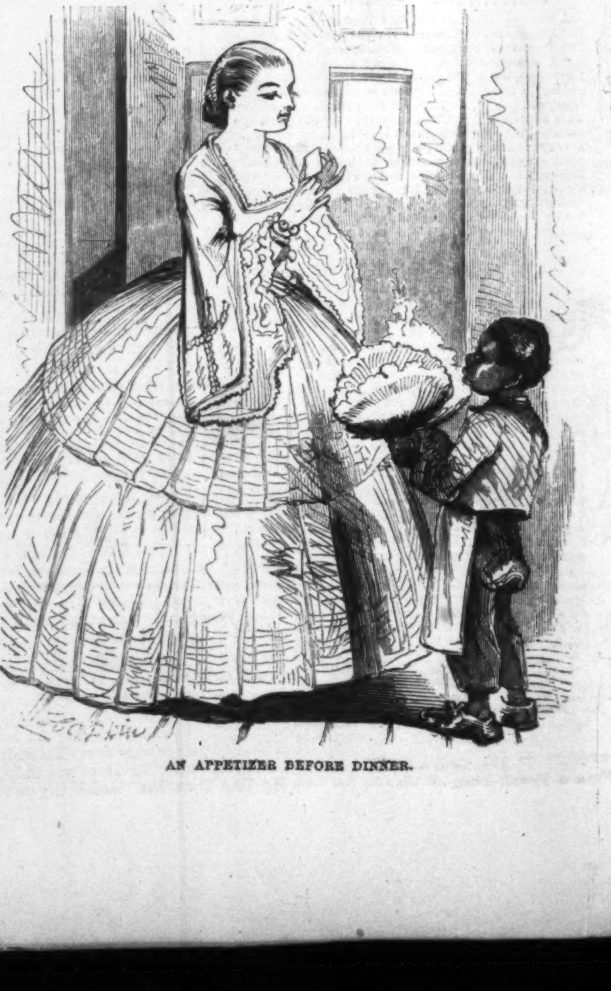
On the other hand, I suppose Dr. Johnson's morals were good, but his manners were certainly offensive.

You are surprised that I speak of Dr. Johnson? You have seen me whirling in the polka with Tom Dyce at the hotel, or racing over the beach with him in his wagon? Very well: it is true. I am that young lady. I wear two bracelets and earrings, and those very hoopy skirts. I bowl, bathe, dance, dine, flirt, drive, sigh, smile, pick up mosses, and wander over the rocks in a broad-brimmed hat and a very becoming morning dress, which the girls here *will* call *peignoir*, apparently not knowing that *peignoir* is the dressing-gown—mine is a short gown—in which we sit when the hair is being brushed. I am that same young lady—aged somewhere between seventeen and twenty-three, and I have spoken of Dr. Johnson. I know about him and about a good many others, and you are surprised. That is always the way with men. You profess to honor us—your mouths froth with compliments. Suddenly we show that we are not fools, and you never forgive us. You say you want something "feminine." Especially men who drink brandy and water soon after breakfast, smoke all the morning, talk horses and drive horses all the afternoon, and gamble all night—especially these men want what they call "the feminine element" in women.

Don't their whole lives show they do? Don't every act of their lives cry aloud, and proclaim upon the house-tops their sympathy with what is womanly? Are they not an alluring style of oak for the shrinking and clinging vines to climb upon?



DESSERT.

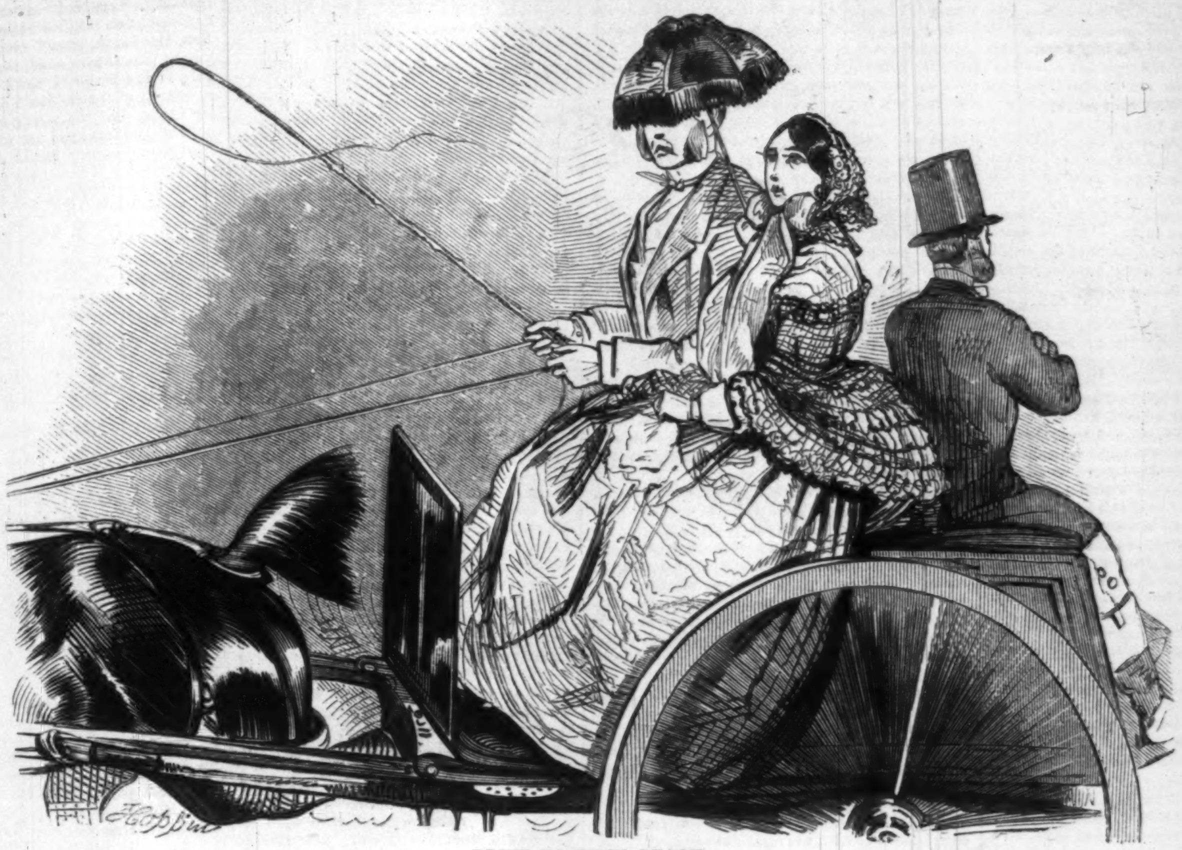


AN APPETIZER BEFORE DINNER.

There *is* something feminine — so there is something ignorant, and weak, and silly. Now are ignorance, and weakness, and affectation the constituent parts of "the feminine element?"

You ask what Tom Dyce thinks of it, with whom I dine and dance.

Merci, not so sarcastic as you suppose. I like to drive in an open wagon, with a fleet, handsome horse and a good-natured driver. *Voilà*, my drive. I like music dearly, and can't help dancing on a good floor to a fascinating band; I need only an easy, firm partner, of good height, of gentlemanly address. *Voici*, Mons. Tom Dyce! Behold the philosophy of my dance!

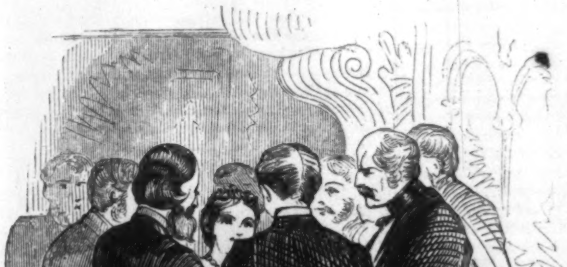


DRIVE TO LYNN BEACH.

Do you think I never eat mutton-chops because I think a saddle of venison the best meat in the world? How many days in the year ought I to expect to have deer to my dinner? I had rather dance and drive at Nahant this summer with Tom Dyce than with all the seven wise men of Greece put together. Do you suppose I think Tom as wise as Solon? He is a good-humored dunce, who wears well-setting clothes, and drives and rides and dances well, and he likes to be with girls, and particularly likes to be thought fascinating to them.

> "And his merry bosom swells
> With the pæan of the bells,
> And he dances and he yells;
> Keeping time, time, time,
> In a sort of Runic rhyme,
> To the pæan of the bells!"
>
> (*Always with the e understood.*)

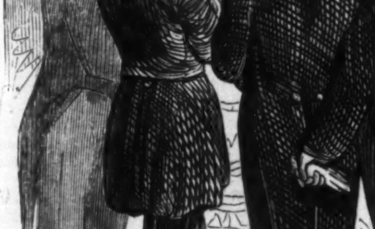
I came here this summer to enjoy myself, and Tom helps me do it. If he be a dunce, as I think, I am sorry for him. But what is to be done? If the sensible, intelligent, accomplished men won't bowl, and drive, and dance, and sip the foam from the tip of the wave—what then? Do they suppose that a girl who means to be a belle, and comes to Nahant or Newport for pleasure, and not for philosophy, is going to sit quietly in a corner and talk wise nonsense? If they think it is such a dreadful thing to dance, and frolic, and flirt, why don't they stay away? I come here to bowl, and Tom Dyce bowls; to ride, and Tom Dyce rides; to drive, and Tom Dyce drives; to dance, and Tom Dyce dances; to lounge about and skip stones into the water, and Tom Dyce lounges, and laughs, and skips, and doesn't bother his head about my being frivolous; and doesn't think it "a great pity that sensible girls should be so taken up with dancing;" and isn't all the time moralizing upon the vanity of "society."



THE BELLE OF THE EVENING.

Do I expect to marry him?

Why, have I said that I came to Nahant to be married? I thank you kindly, but I am in no hurry. I am just a girl, you see, and, I believe, rather a belle. I am young, well, and gay; I have done my share, a very fair share, of studying and accomplishing; I don't believe my heart is bad; I know that I love fun, and that here is plenty to be had, so to say, for the having. Did you ever know Tom Dyce to marry? I don't mean, of course, the particular biped who sends me the bouquets, and hires ten men to toot under my window at one o'clock in the morning, and wears the peg-top trowsers and the neat little English dog-collar, and the heavy shoes with pepper-box toes—I don't mean that particular specimen, but any of them? Yes, to be sure, now and then one. But they only marry wisely and when they are old beaux.

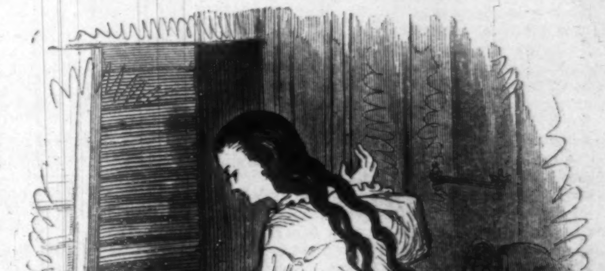


RESULTS OF THE CAMPAIGN.
[*From a Female Point of View.*]

A time comes, I suppose, when Tom suddenly feels that there are other young men; in fact, other and younger men. An awful moment comes when, in leaving the ball-room, mamma says to Laura, about whom Eustace is hovering with hungry eyes and eager arms—just as Tom did about her mamma twenty years ago—"Laura, my dear, take Mr. Dyce's arm and go on." That easy maternal confidence utterly annihilates Tom's felicity. It reminds him that he is considered "perfectly safe." It has come to mean nothing that a young girl should take his arm and go off home. He has grown into the avuncular and paternal condition. From that moment he is no longer suspicious; his coming, his going, his attentions excite no kind of apprehension. The girls say, "Only Mr. Dyce," and "Mr. Dyce was there, of course." Mr. Tom Dyce has reached the period when he might as well marry and neglect his dress a little.

Eustace is traveling the same road. Mr. Dyce is only thinking and feeling a little before him.

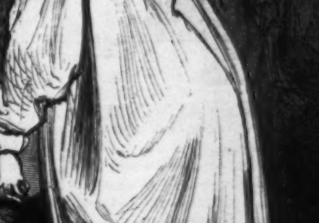
I don't mean to say that Tom is any more agreeable for being a dunce. I confess I should rather have Ajax or Hector drive me on the beach than Thersites. But if Achilles chooses to mope in his chamber, or sit and smoke over Bacon's Essays or Buckle's History of Civilization (I haven't read it, but I know there is such a book, which is more than Tom does), do you think I am not going to chase the winds over the glittering sunset pavement of the beach, if Tom will offer me his chariot, and himself to urge the flying steeds? Wouldn't you eat an apple from the Hesperidian orchard because a booby handed it to you over the wall?



AFTER THE HOP—THE SERENADE.

It isn't always Tom who plucks me the apples; that is, not always the same Tom. There are many kinds of them: the Boston Tom; the Baltimore Tom; the New York Tom; and Philadelphia and Charleston Toms. I find the study of comparative Tom Dyces very diverting. Any belle would be very foolish who didn't get the greatest possible entertainment out of her beaux. (Tom always pronounces that word *boze.*)

Thus in the morning I come down to breakfast about nine o'clock. Sound sleep and sea-air, and nothing on my mind, make my cheeks fresh and my eyes bright, I suppose; and I don't deny that I wear what I think a becoming, carefully-careless morning dress. Don't you know men always say that a woman never looks so well as in a morning dress? They think it is the dress! But have they never seen the same thing in flowers? They forget that both the girl and the flower have been steeped in the dew of sleep, and been colored by the rouge of rest! (I said so to Tom yesterday morning as we stood in the hall, leaning against the wall, after breakfast. He hadn't the remotest idea what I meant, but he looked calm—for he is continually playing the part of a gentleman, which he says is "being quiet"—and, twirling his glasses, replied, with that nonchalant gravity which betrays every thing, "Ah! yes, certainly, of course.")



RESULTS OF THE CAMPAIGN.
[*From a Male Point of View.*]

I go in to breakfast, and take my tea and toast, with several of the youth, who bow with very much more ceremony than courtesy. Two or three, who have already breakfasted, usually sit opposite, and I hear whatever is new or good since the last night. There isn't always a great deal of it; but we are all merry, and lay plans for the morning. My list of drives, rides, and dances is always full; and if any girl will only take the trouble to dance very well, and dress becomingly (not richly—men don't care for diamonds in a dancing partner), and be generally gracious and sweet, and hide both the intention and its accomplishment, why, she will have as many dances as she likes, and drives too.

I like that morning hour after breakfast when we wake afresh to the sweet consciousness of the pleasant, lazy life we are leading. Tom holds his hat in hand, and says a good many amiable stupidities. But he is well bred and well dressed, and few people talk well. To be sure, we part by-and-by, and I prepare for the bath. It isn't so good at Nahant as it is at Cape May, or even Newport, where, however, the beach is at the end of a cove—a cage in which the sea is caught and tamed down a little for the use of city people.

But any where, how splendid it is! Half the globe is your bathing-tub. You sit on one edge of it, and paddle your feet in the water, which on the other side is paddled by people you will never see, and couldn't understand if they spoke. The great waves that dash over you, and would reflect a pine if they could get near enough, are substance of the same waters that swoon—as the poets say—under the palms. I go down to the beach to bathe, and foreign countries seem to be close to me. I touch the water, and by the liquid chain I hold the Spice Islands in my hand. Good Heavens, what monsters we are in the water! I think that the baggy bathing-gowns, and the caps and hats, are the most hideous insults to the ocean. Why not put on India rubber dresses and take umbrellas?

But what coolness, and freshness, and litheness, when you come out! I always feel sinuous, like a snake; not as if I had hard bones, but only flexible, massive muscle. Bathing makes people graceful, I think, by the sense of suppleness it induces. How natural the story of the mermaid is! As children, we used to say that hairs left in the water became water-snakes; and I am sure if I were left in the water alive long enough I should taper off into a fish. As long as the brine is in my skin I perfectly understand the smooth sinuosity of piscatory motion.

I think these things, and laugh while Marie brushes my hair after the bath. I have a novel in my hand, to be sure; but I think of the novel in which I am living, and of which I am one of the characters. Then I take a little nap—yes, a morning nap in the sea-air after a bath is the very balm of roses. Just try it. When I wake, Marie, who has brushed my hair already, takes it from under the cap and dresses it. There are girls here who positively have it dressed immediately after brushing, and without the nap; and at dinner they wonder where I got my color and spirit!

Do they think it comes from the bouquet I carry in to dinner, and which was brought to me at one o'clock with a note? I hope they do, for poor Tom's sake. Of course, it is the (guess which) Tom who sends up the boot-black's boy with a great bouquet and a card, on which I see something is written. Poor Tom! where did he learn to write?

"Mr. Dyce presents his compliments. Will Miss Cleopaytra accept the flours that accompany this, and will you go to ride with me this afternoon in my wagon? He will call at five.

"Yours truly, THOMAS DYCE."

Miss *Cleopaytra will* accept his *flours*, and *ride* with him in his wagon. They are the choicest specimens of green-house blossoms, and, my dear, one must keep up one's prestige. I have had at least one bouquet every day since I have been at Nahant. Did you ever hear of toad-eating? Do you understand its philosophy? It isn't only the gross desire of flattery for flattery's sake that makes toad-eating possible—for it is made possible only by the sufferance of the person in whose honor the reptiles are devoured. No, it isn't only that. But a person who has long been admired and flattered at last comes to require the tonic of applause before he can do any thing worthy of praise. It is like dram-drinking. A toper crawls out for his early rum (have you ever seen them, in the gray morning, shambling through the silent streets? Sometimes they are the only citizens who welcome you at that hour to great cities). Now he wants his rum, not only to appease the appetite, but to give him the power of working. So I am sure toads must be eaten, and are hired by certain people to be eaten, in order that they may be kept in good conceit of themselves.

Always? Of course not. Flunkeys eat toads for the pure love of them; and the Gods in whose honor they are consumed despise the toad and the eater. I have seen a great deal of that not ten hundred thousand million miles from a certain place I know.

I confess I accept Tom's bouquet and drive in something of this spirit. I like to keep up my state. Queen Elizabeth used to expect gifts from all her court on fête days. Why shouldn't Miss Cleopaytra expect the same from hers? So at dinner I put the flowers in my glass, and the steam of my hot soup rises around them like incense! Tom sees from afar. He *thinks* it is the first course in his successful race for my favor. I *know* it is only the first course in the bouquet of enjoyment which he is going to furnish me. Do you think that heartless? Still it doesn't choke me. I swallow my soup, my fish, with equanimity. Tom Dyce isn't going to break his heart for me. It is a little game we are playing, and it is nobody's business but ours. People flirt at their own risk. If we choose to stake our hearts, is that your affair? Do you mean to say that Tom stakes his, and that I don't play fair because I put up nothing? Thou fool! Because a pauper stakes his note for a thousand dollars, art thou therefore playing for a thousand dollars?

My first course may be upon Charleston Tom; my dessert may be Boston Tom. Shall we say just a little too late? Just *after*, instead of just before dinner, may make a wonderful difference. Boston Tom Dyce is handsome, and of gentlemanly demeanor. There is closer supervision of conduct in a small than in a large place. A man or woman may bury themselves in the crowd in New York or Philadelphia; I defy them to do it in Boston. You are always in view. Plant yourself on the Common, and all Boston will come round to you. This is a charming fact for friends, but for enemies not so pleasant; for debtors, disagreeable; for youth who wish to be fast, not at all exhilarating. Boston State House always seems to me like a great fat grandma in a clean cap, sitting up very straight and keeping school. What a demure school it is! What a well-behaved Beacon Street, and Park Street, and Mount Vernon Street—all with clean front doors on, and shining window faces! I think the Bostonians behave so well and dress so nicely because they are afraid of the State House.

Tom's note comes as a *chasse café*, just as I am leaving the table:

"DEAR MISS CLEOPATRA,—Will you let me drive you over to Lynn this afternoon, to meet the Buzzards who are coming down? It will be a pleasant drive home in the moonlight. THOMAS DYCE."

There's the correct thing for you! I would swear the State House had looked over that note, with spectacles rubbed up for the occasion. Look at the safe conclusion. No abrupt and hard "Yours truly"—no affected "*Tout à vous*"—no affectionate "Faithfully yours"—no stiff "Your obedient servant"—no dangerous "Your friend"—but the uncommitting "Thomas Dyce."

Too late, Thomas. I am going to drive with Charleston Tom. You will meet us scouring over Lynn beach in his dog-cart, with the natty groom behind. We shall all bow, and smile, and chat. We shall all say, "How pleasant!" "What a lovely day!" Many Toms will be clattering along upon fine horses—sitting the trot, which is now the unhappy theory of riding. Lovers and flirters, and young married pairs in wagons, on horses, in carriages; papas and mammas, aunts and uncles, rolling by in closer carriages, beholding us upon the same beach, in the same sunset—laughing, loving, chattering—gay ghosts of their departed selves—brisk and beautiful spectacle of an hour, while the sea is down, and before it comes up lazily and wipes all our traces away.

Boston Tom drives another girl. Charleston Tom drives me, and talks at intervals. Happily "flours" and "flowers" do not betray their difference in pronunciation, and I am content to breathe the salt air, and to nod and smile. Belinda Mudgeon, driving slowly with her deaf aunt, looks scornfully at me as I whirl by with Thomas D. of Charleston. "By-by, Belinda dear!" I have only time to shake my hand lightly at her, and make my face positively sticky with the excessive honey of my smile. What a pity Belinda dear should waste her scorn upon me. I will make Tom ask her to drive to-morrow, and I will say to her, "Belinda, dear, do you think it Christian to sneer at a young gentleman because Heaven has not endowed him with as much wit as you?"

But the drive over—tea drank—the moon rising, and behold us at the ball. The belle at the ball! Well, I confess it is pleasant. I do like to have a dozen men round me, of all ages and countries, and each waiting for a word—each getting, at least, a smile. Youth, health, beauty, cheerfulness; grace, flowers, music, moonlight, sea-air—admiration, flattery, applause—I find them good things. I drink a great, brimming, beaming beaker of them every evening I go into the ball. The youth, old and young, cluster around me; the Queen of Sheba had not a more obsequious court. They have all their handsomest bosoms, and pearl, and opal, and diamond shirt-buttons, and delicate waistcoats. I skim with them through the Polka, the Mazourka, the Lancers—yes, and the Balmoral. They are my regiment of the dance. All the Toms are there. We float in music.

People talk a great deal of nonsense about dancing. Belinda Mudgeon says it's only absurdly ridiculous and trivial. Well now, Belinda dear, if dancing be all that, how elevating and refining it must be to stand against the wall looking on, and saying such comfortable things and thinking such sweet thoughts, while a thousand good spirits are whispering to me in the music whose airy arms fold me and lead me on.

I know it's tiresome; but what pleasant fatigue! Here at the hotel we can walk a little on the piazza when the ball is over, and look at the moon on the sea, and grow cool and get ready to sleep.

To sleep? Yes; but scarcely are my eyes closed in the earliest morning hours than

"I arise from dreams * * *
In the first sweet sleep of night,"

and hear the softest, saddest strains of mingling and mellowing harmony, as if the moonlight were chanting as it rocked upon the sea, or the mermaids were singing while mortals slept. Oh hopes! oh memories! oh longing dreams! All beautiful things that have been—all things too dear to be; they touch my heart—they whisper in my ear—they smile, they beckon, in the exquisite measures of the serenade. It is too sad to bear—it is too sweet to disturb. I lie entranced in melancholy bliss. Then I spring up and peep downward from my window.

I know it is only Tom Dyce, and ten men he has hired for fifty dollars, to blow and fiddle on brass and wood. What then? Was not my splendid namesake—Antony's glorious "Egypt"—bones, and flesh, and blood? Do you think it is the skeleton of the music—Tom and the trombones—that touch me, or the divine soul that marries mine while I listen, and transfigures the world to my eyes while I am in its embrace?

Well, well, suppose it does make me think of going away, of coming again, and of years coming and going from me. Suppose it does make me ask myself whether the golden age of bellehood does not dwindle away into silver, and brass, and iron. There's Tom going away at the end of the season, after he has asked me to marry him, and received a gracious refusal—terribly empty. Empty in head, of course, because he came so. Empty in heart, because he has had no chance of installing any body in my place. Empty in pocket, because he has been filling the pockets of host, musicians, boatmen, hostlers, billiard saloons, bowling-alleys, and the bar-keeper, from his own. That is the net result of Tom's summer campaign—a long, lank purse, and a longer bill in the most plethoric condition. Do you suppose his going away makes me sad?

I shall go too, but not empty. No; I shall tell the summer upon a rosary—every bead a heart. And so I shall next summer—and next. But how about the twentieth next summer?

"Hear the tolling of the bells—
Iron bells!
What a world of solemn thought their monody compels!
In the silence of the night,
How we shiver with affright
At the melancholy menace of their tone!"

However, *mes amis*, I am not yet an iron belle, and I shall lay away this pretty little string of hearts and come again to capture more. You think I shall be caught? I hope so. I only await my Antony. Yes, even I; for do you know the sweetest music of the bell, after all? It is the merry marriage peal.

MY LOVE STORY.

CHAPTER I.

FIELDS, meadows, green plains, are wide. In what obscure nook amidst them transpired the scenes of my story wots not; but a swallow winging from your city walls might reach it in a summer morning's flight.

Half hid in a vale nestled my lowly roof. Here, for years, I led a lonely life, and followed the vagaries of a Bohemian humor. My pursuits I dignified with the name of science, but they were idle and dreamy reveries over plants and rocks. I went about with a hammer breaking stones; I peered into forest ways after the delicate and rarer blossoms which hide themselves in modest places; I gathered in formal rows spread grasshoppers and impaled beetles.

For a long time my days were lonely and quiet; but once a little girl, rambling in the woods, joined me by chance, and, being kindly encouraged, in a little while came almost every day to carry my basket for me. She took intense delight in my pursuits, watched with staring eyes my researches among the rocks, and soon esteemed it a grand privilege to gain admittance to that apartment where all my specimens and curiosities were gathered.

This little girl is the heroine of my story. Her name was Viola; but by her father, by me, and by others who knew her well, she was called "Vio." She was the daughter of a very retiring, studious gentleman, who recently came up from New York to reside in our neighborhood. Mr. Ashway was a thin, pale gentleman, very nervous and melancholy in manner, and excessively tender of Vio. He spent all his days close shut in his library. He appeared to know no one; and during the several years he resided in the valley I was the only person, with the exception of one other, ever admitted into his society.

Viola was not more than twelve years of age when I first knew her—a Saxon beauty, with light-brown curls, and a bright, fairy-like manner peculiarly charming. It was pleasant in our long woodland walks to have her running before and hovering around me like a sprite; to watch her spring up rocks, and clap her hands, and laugh in the abundance of girlish glee; and, above all, to see her eager soul look upward through her eyes.

But Vio did not remain a little girl of twelve years. Before I knew it, she got bigger and prettier; and one day, quite suddenly, without any preparation for the idea, it flashed upon me that she was a woman—almost. Her dresses now touched the tops of her gaiters, her locks were gathered up, there was a steadier manner about her. When she sprang to catch the pendant bough, the white arms so revealed were fuller, and a rounding bust gave new fascination to her form.

I went home after this discovery thoughtful and sad. Very soon now, I saw, she would be a woman, and have lovers, and then ever after I should walk through the forests alone, and break my rocks in solitude. In my lonely home, where only cold service tended me—where no affection flourished, no tender love shed beauty and glory—I lay heart-heavy upon my pillow, looking down the wastes of my future, where no promises or hopes hung out their banners.

And, I confess it, I thought of love; I pictured possibilities of future happiness. At moments I saw myself walking down the roads which lead to eternity with one by my side whose face was upturned, whose heart beat warm and quickly next to mine, whose smile fell on me alone. Then came reason, dissipating dreams. I was too old for love; I was bent, my hands were browned and coarse, my locks were ragged and turning from their youthful blackness; I was a sad, lone fellow, given over to dry science, worn, seamed, dull; as little suited for fresh and dewy youth as a mummy from the Pyramids. A very different lover from this Vio would have—one with dark locks, eagle eyes, elastic figure, high heart, quick young blood!

But still I dreamed—still wild hopes flashed upon me with dazzling brightness, and went out in sudden clouds of gloom.

When we went together, the next morning, Vio exclaimed,

"What is the matter, Sir? You are sad."

"Yes; but it will not last. It will float away like the mist yonder. Tell me, Vio, how old are you?"

"Sixteen."

"So very near a woman!"

"In two years, I think, I shall be quite grown."

"Yes; and more beautiful, perhaps, than now."

"You must not flatter, Sir."

"That's true, and I will *not* flatter. But still to me you are very fair."

"Do you really like me, Mr. Vail?" exclaimed she, looking up into my eyes with simple frankness. "I hope you do. I delight so much in these long rambles; and I want to learn a great deal more about botany and geology. I hope you will always like me, for I do you."

A thrill of emotion shot through me. This was utter childish simplicity and frankness. Love, the passion, could never bloom in that soil for me.

For me! How monstrous the thought! Was I not mad to think of linking her young life to my old and world-worn heart? "Drown the thought!" I muttered; "bury it! seal it up forever!"

"Yes, Vio," said I, while my hand smoothed her brow and played with a stray curl, "we must be friends always. But you will marry some day; you will have a husband and children. You will forget then the old stone-breaker."

"Oh never, never forget you; never marry—so I think now. For, Sir, I could not leave my father. Alas! he grows paler and sadder every day. He sits for hours with his brow upon his hand; he starts so nervously when one comes near him unexpectedly. Oh if my father should die!"

"I do not think he will die," said I, "but we must persuade him to abandon his books. We must urge him to come with us into the forest sometimes. But let us sit here, Vio, and talk."

It was under an elm, on a smooth rock, and Vio sat close to my side and looked into my face. Here we talked, and by the gravitation of that of which the heart was full, we talked of love, and I, with that delight in self-torture which one at times strangely feels, depicted to her pleased imagination an ideal husband; and I told her a long, tender love-story, which moistened her eyes with tears; and we talked of Hero, Andromeda, and other heroines of classic love-stories; and she, in childish romance, wished that some splendid hero might come and win her too.

So day by day we continued our rambles; and silently spread the foundations, higher grew the structure of a passion I was too weak to crush, unwilling to escape.

CHAPTER II.

AT last Vio found a lover. Walter Richmond was a member of one of the few wealthy families in the county. He had just graduated at Yale. His expectations were brilliant, his destined fortune large, his family ambitious. But he fell in love with the pure white spirit of Viola Ashway, as better, higher, grander men might have done. His spirits were high, his manner brilliant, his face and figure attractive; and so the tender, delicate, up-looking Vio, whose whole atmosphere was love, flew to his magnetism intensely.

With how many secret pangs, great agonies, sharp arrows for me! For the unconscious lovers, perceiving in me only a tender friend, made love in my very presence—lavished their affections upon each other before my eyes, and never knew or dreamed how each warm look sent sharp stings into the uncouth heart beside them.

With less self-control, less balance, I should have hated Walter; my passion would have broken out, and I should have ruined Vio's peace. But with what difficulty none can know I held down the struggling passion; I smiled, and smiled even while my heart sank down, down like a rock. And now, too, so many of my walks were alone. I missed daily the sweet presence which so long had flung sunlight on my path. Already I felt the coming shadow which would leave me bleak, barren, forsaken—a life with a clouded path.

Oh that wisdom came with age! that with the passing away of youth passed away also the power to feel, to love, to dream! that the heart could dry and wither with the flesh, and that the dust of time might clog its beating and dull its sense!

"Then you love Walter," said I to Vio one day.

"Oh yes, Sir. I think I do. He is very noble and good. You like him—at least I hope you do. You are my best and oldest friend. Next to my father, I must have you to like Walter of all men."

"Does your father wish you to marry?"

"He is very anxious; he urges it too much I think," and Vio blushed.

"And Walter?"

"Is anxious too; but he has not yet the consent of all his family. His father wanted him to marry a lady in New York, some one rich and high; but his father will consent, Walter says, in a little while. Time will bring it about. And we are so young, you know, we can wait a long while."

"And when you are married we shall hunt for no more plants together; you will forget all about our curious rocks."

"Oh no, for I shall have a collection of my own; we two shall gather it."

CHAPTER III.

A FEW weeks after the above conversation with Vio I was aroused from a heavy sleep at midnight.

"Mr. Vail! Mr. Vail!" thundered a voice below, and some pebbles came rattling against the panes to awaken me. I sprang up and rushed to the window.

"Please, Sir, come at once to Mr. Ashway's," exclaimed Ashway's servant from below, as I thrust my head from the window; "something strange has happened!"

"To Miss Viola?" I cried out, in great alarm.

"No, Sir—to Mr. Ashway. Miss Viola sent me to you. She is in great distress. I can not explain, and must hurry back. Please come at once, Sir, I beseech you"—and with these words he turned and hurried off.

In a very few minutes I was dressed and walking rapidly along the road in the direction of Mr. Ashway's residence. It was only two miles. In less than half an hour I reached it.

As I entered the gate to the lawn in front of the house a horse galloped rapidly along the road, and Walter, who also had been sent for, it seemed, sprang from the saddle and hurried toward me. Almost at the same moment Vio came running from the door, half clad, her bare white feet glistening upon the moon-lighted path, her locks disheveled and floating tangled and wild, a shawl hastily wound around her shoulders. She could not speak. Her eyes looked startled and wild. Her whole frame shook with some extraordinary grief and terror.

"For Heaven's sake, Vio!" exclaimed Walter, seizing her hand, "what is it? Are you ill? Is your father dying?"

But, strange enough, she shrunk from him, and convulsively clung to me, hiding her face, sobbing, shivering, and utterly overcome by the intensity of her grief. Walter, in great excitement himself, stunned her with questions and importunities.

"Calm yourself, Walter," said I, assuming as cool a manner as possible, though sorely puzzled and perplexed. "Your excitement increases hers. Let us go in. Let me carry you, Vio. Your feet are bleeding now, cut by the sharp pebbles."

She lay in my arms still and resigned, and I bore her into the house. We entered Mr. Ashway's study. He was not there. The light was burning. A few books and papers lay upon the table in confusion. I motioned Walter to restrain his excitement, and to seat himself. I took a chair, and tried to seat Vio in one beside me, but she sunk down upon the floor with a wild sob, and buried her face upon my knee. Walter ran toward her, but she shrunk and clung to me.

"What is this, Vio?" he asked, with some impatience. "Where is your father?"

"Gone! gone!" she sobbed out, violently.

"This is very strange!" I said; "but we can only soothe the poor child's agitation by being calm ourselves. What is this?" I observed, for the first time, a letter upon the table, conspicuously placed, and addressed to me. I seized and read it hastily. It contained these words:

> "SIR,—To-night a blow has fallen I have long dreaded and long expected. Henceforth to my poor child I am as one dead. Be you, I implore you, her guardian, her protector, her friend. What has befallen me I will not explain; it is a retribution. Farewell forever.
>
> "WILLIAM ASHWAY."

I read and silently handed the note to Walter. Bewildered by the dreadful mystery of this disappearance, I still repressed my curiosity and excitement, and thought only of Vio. Gradually she grew more subdued and calm, although still sobbing and weeping on my knee. I now, for the first time, observed that she, too, had a letter clasped, crushed and broken, to her bosom. Walter, whose impatience for the particulars of this extraordinary disappearance could brook no delay, again pressed her with urgent inquiries; and in broken sentences she told the story.

"I was awakened suddenly," she said, "by the tramping of feet and strange voices upon the lawn. I sprang up and ran to the window. Three men, strangers, were below; and among them was my father. I was so surprised that, for a minute, I could only watch them in silence—I could not speak. They walked away, my father among them. A terrible thought flashed upon me, and, throwing up the window, I called after him very loudly. They all paused. He turned toward me. He stood in the moonlight, and I could see him so well, looking so pale and mournful; he kissed his hand to me many times, then suddenly dropped his face upon his breast and walked rapidly away. I flew down stairs and out upon the road after him. But they had all entered a carriage, and I heard it dash away. I screamed, and called upon him, and ran till I was out of breath, but still the carriage rolled on, rolled on until it was out of hearing. Then, with my heart beating so wildly, I hurried back to the house. There was his study as he had left it, and upon the table a little note for me and one for Mr. Vail. Then I knew that he was gone forever; that he would not be dead, but worse, and I could never see him more! never! never!"

In a fresh outburst of grief at the completion of her story, she sunk again down at my feet, while the shawl dropped from her white shoulders, exposing them too much. I picked it up, shrouded her form with it, lifted her to her feet, and whispered that she must go to her chamber.

"You are with your lover, Vio, and are not clad. Go and cover yourself properly, then come back to us."

But she had not strength to go, and I led her to her room, by the way summoning a servant to aid her. I paused at the door and said:

"Bathe your face, gather up your tresses, then join us."

She caught my hand as I turned to go.

"I can not marry Walter now," exclaimed she, very wildly. "I know that—tell him that I know it; that now his father will never consent; that he is free—I release him—his family is too proud—he can not marry an outcast—the daughter of—of—"

I checked her with an authoritative "Hush!"—for her manner grew wilder with every word—and, giving her in charge of a maid, went back to the library, musing upon her words, for they appeared to indicate some perception of Walter's character not known to me. When I entered the room I found Walter impetuously and absently scribbling upon a sheet of paper. I walked up to him and found it written over in every way, in large and small letters, erased, blotted out, then re-written, all with one word—CRIME!

I put my finger upon the sheet and looked him significantly in the eyes.

"Do you believe so?"

He started and looked surprised when he saw the word written upon the sheet; he had unconsciously revealed his secret fear.

"It is almost certain," was his reply.

"Too probable, I fear. Poor Vio! She loved him, looked up to him, worshiped him almost. A terrible blow to her."

"Terrible!" and he dashed his pen down upon the paper in an irritable manner. I looked at him surprised and a little startled.

"If it prove so, we must protect her from its consequences every way. She is innocent."

"Yes," replied he, evasively. His words, his manner almost terrified me. Could it be that he would abandon her? I felt a hot choler rising in my throat.

"Walter, you are cool and evasive. I am quick to suspect—quick to fear. What does your manner, your looks, your words, mean?"

"He is dishonored, and she is dishonored too," said he, slowly and doggedly.

For a moment I felt a blinding rush of rage, then the sudden flash of a thought which held my breath suspended, which shot through my frame a thrill of such condensed rapture that I lived an age in a single pulse of time. If he discarded, might I not win! For a few brief seconds I was in a tempest. I felt my veins swell, my heart tremble, my brain beat; I swayed before the fierce temptation, and almost yielded. But duty, faith to Vio, fidelity to Ashway, brought me back again; I spoke faithfully for Vio's cause.

"Walter, can you speak so harshly? She is your betrothed."

"I did not then know of Ashway's crime," replied he.

"Crime! The word was echoed at the door. Viola had entered, and heard Walter's remark. It harped both her fears aright. She ran and caught my arm.

"Is it so, Sir? can it be? I feared, but can not believe."

"We know nothing, Vio, of the reason for your father's departure. We will not consume ourselves with vain fears; we must be patient, and think as favorably as we can of the mystery."

She clutched my arm nervously, and turned to Walter.

"And do you believe, Walter, that he has been guilty? Can you apply a harsh word to him?"

"No, Vio, I do not wish to use harsh words; but it is all so strange."

"I know that, Walter. It is strange and suspicious too. How can I conceal from my heart that it is both of these? Yet, Walter, I do believe my father to be innocent; he may be wronged, or have been unwise, or be under some terrible conspiracy. But if you do not share that belief, then—for I know how proud you are, how high you look, what great things your friends expect of you—then, Walter, then—"

The poor child broke into a passionate burst of tears, and, weak from prolonged excitement, sank down upon the floor.

And Walter did not raise her! did not speak to her! I could have struck him down, but again there rushed over me that same wild hope.

"I'll give you back all your tokens, Walter," she resumed; "I'll keep not one. You can be free—you need not marry one whose name you think dishonored—whose father you so harshly judge a felon. I release you—I forget all—all—"

A sudden gasp, and she fell back upon the floor white and still. Walter, alarmed, ran toward her. But I would not permit him to touch her; I lifted her up, and laying her cold cheek upon my shoulder, bore her away to her chamber, with a warmth and strange joy about my heart.

CHAPTER IV.

THE next day I went to New York. Upon my arrival I hastened to an old friend, an attorney, and laid the circumstances before him. He promised to inquire, went out to do so, and returned with the information that William Ashway had been arrested for frauds committed while cashier of a bank, which had only been recently discovered in the winding up of its affairs; that many thought he was more sinned against than sinning.

I then went to the proper authorities and obtained admittance into Ashway's presence. He shrunk at first from speaking to me, but at last took my hand and held it for a long time. I asked if he had counsel, and promised to obtain the best.

"It will not be needed," said he; "I shall not live to undergo the trial. I can not. Oh, Vail, honor was my god. I cherished my reputation more scrupulously than a virgin does her chastity. I fell, I know not how, maddened, intoxicated, in a frenzy of speculation. I shall not live; death will obliterate the crime before it becomes blazoned abroad by a public trial."

Indeed, so white, so short of breath had he become, that his apprehensions seemed more than likely.

"Let me fetch your daughter to you."

"No, I can not bear it. My pure, white flower! my unspotted, cherished blossom! Oh, if she could always believe me innocent!"

"She does."

"She must, Vail. Be that your task."

I soon went away, and set to work immediately to examine the circumstances of the crime. It proved to be one of those cases of which Wall Street is rife. There were others more guilty than he, upon whose promises, bonds, pledges, he had proceeded; he was only the scape-goat. There had been large operations upon no foundation; huge transactions on paper represented by sums purely fictitious; promises to pay never paid; indorsements upheld by counter-indorsements; checks drawn on fictitious balances and properly classified as "kite-flyers." In fact, an absolute maze of transactions and figures, utterly bewildering and incapable of clew, by which it appeared principally that Mr. Ashway extensively "operating" or "financiering," as it is respectively called, had been drawn into complications with dishonorable people, some of whom suddenly failing to meet his "accommodation" with their "accommodation" had unexpectedly forced him to the wall, and to the necessity of finding immediate means. A loan from his bank bridged the matter for a while, but the sharpers in the end filched from him comfortable "substantialities," leaving in his hand a mass of worthless securities. Alarmed, he had covered up the matter in the bank by false entries, then flying to the interior hid himself away, a prey to intense remorse and daily dread.

It took some days to ferret out all this. Unfortunately he was guilty in the eye of the law; to friendly charity he was innocent and wronged. But he was now sinking rapidly. I sent for his daughter, for he at last consented, and his dying hours were consoled by her tender presence, and by the solicitude of friends who came forward and befriended him. He died in two weeks—long before the time appointed for his trial A brief paragraph appeared in the papers chronicling the fact, and he and his offense were speedily forgotten.

We carried his remains to the place of his recent home, and buried him in a pleasant corner of the village church-yard.

CHAPTER V.

Two days after our return a package came for Vio. It was from Walter, and was a return of her letters and tokens. Among them was a letter from him. It was a plea for his conduct. He dwelt upon his father's reluctance to the match before, his utter refusal to consent to it now; it told how much his future depended upon his father's aid; it asserted his belief that a marriage unsanctioned by parents would not be blessed. It was a well-worded, elaborate defense.

This much it showed me—Walter had begun to tire of Vio before the event which so precipitated the rupture. His nature was changeable; his fancy quickly captivated, quickly cooled.

With the familiar hammer and the customary basket I now resumed my pursuits. I went alone at first, but one day Vio saw me and came running after. The ramble was like those of old. Vio's spirits rose with the air and the exercise—a flush came to her cheek, she even smiled. With the spring of youth she was rebounding from the sorrows that had pressed her down.

And I walked forth with something secretly gathering in my heart. Could it be? Were my wild, rich dreams within the bounds of possibility? Could I win her now? Should I attempt, still so old, so sere, so far below her grand ideals? But a wounded, bleeding spirit she had flown to my bosom. Forsaken, alone, tempted with sorrow, would she nestle there?

Ah, the might and wealth of such a hope! But then, poor dreamer, look at the incongruous union! A healthful vine upon a riven trunk! great joy and youth upon a heart weather-beaten in storms!

I led her forth a new way, up a mountain-side, amidst wild, broken, chaotic masses, with chasms riven into the centre, and high peaks scaling the sky. I paused upon a wide plateau where the valley stretched down before us.

"Sit here, Vio. Let us talk."

We talked once more of love, and Vio laughed at her old ideal Leanders and Perseas.

"If one should come now on a cloud, hero-worshiper, what would you?"

"I want no hero, mortal or immortal. I will live with you always, dear Sir; and be as learned as you, if I can."

"Tell me, Vio, am I Leander?"

"No, Sir;" and she laughed.

"Not young enough. Even if I swam the Hellespont, you could not fancy me a hero?"

"You are not old, I think."

"Nor handsome enough?"

"I never thought of that."

"Still, answer me. Not old, nor ugly, but uncouth, huge, clumsy, brown, bent—I am no Leander, as you say, and can not hope to win a Hero?"

"I did not say that, Sir," and she looked at me in a puzzled way.

"But true hearts can lodge in clumsy frames, Vio. Look at me again; tell me what I am?"

"My best friend; my father now." She looked confused a little, blushed, and said, "The one I love best, too."

"Love in a respectful way—like a parent?"

"Like a friend."

"What is that like, Vio? I can not stop at that cold word. Friendship is a border-land—it lies next to love. I, Vio, in a dream, once wandered beyond the boundaries."

A look quick, eager, startled; a cheek paling and flushing! I saw them, and felt the old wild thrill, the huge passion rising like the sea, resistless and mighty. I started to my feet.

"Look, Vio! The old can love the young—the uncouth have vast springs of tenderness! In my heart is great yearning, love, devotion for one it loves! Long has it hidden its passion; it would hide it forever did it not dream, perhaps too fondly, that it now can find response."

Vio trembled, and made a movement as if toward me.

"Can it be, Vio?" I stretched my arms out wide. "Here I would have you live forever."

One cry and quick bound, and she was nestling and clinging there, while I folded my arms down over her head, her shoulders—and she was mine!

No ribbons, flowers, show, clamor, at our wedding. A quiet, solemn union in church, before witnesses only; then a rapid close carriage-drive home. That was all. I entered my house leading Vio by the hand, thrusting the door wide open before me, exclaiming,

"Viola, mistress! Vio, my own!"

Then tears and light laughter; then her small, peach cheek upon my breast, with eyes peering upward; then again my arms were folded down over lips, and heart, and timid young bosom!

MASSACRE OF ST. BARTHOLOMEW.

Two hundred and eighty years ago, on the 24th of August, Christendom was disgraced by the massacre of St. Bartholomew, which is illustrated on the following page. Every one has heard of the massacre; there may be many among our readers to whom the circumstances have become unfamiliar.

France was at that time divided, perhaps nearly equally, between the Roman Catholic and the Protestant sects. The strongholds of the latter were in the south and west, where Protestantism was but another term for freedom of conscience, thought, and speech. In many of the southern and western provinces the absolute power of the throne was steadily advancing toward the destruction of the popular franchises. In these the people ranged themselves under the banner of the "reformed religion"—less with a view of accepting new religious doctrines as in order to contend squarely against the encroachments of royalty. It may be said positively that the court cared nothing for either religion. Catherine of Medicis, who was the real Sovereign, and her son, Charles the Ninth, a mere boy, were so lukewarm in their attachment to Catholicity that they had frequently been accused of secret Calvinism, and had more than once provoked outbreaks among the Catholics by the favor they showed to the Protestants. Among the people—such was the ignorance and wrong-headedness of the times!—sectarian animosities boiled over. The mutual hatreds of Protestants and Catholics had frequently broken out into open warfare. Each party had foreign allies—the Protestants England, the Catholics Spain. Each had its armies and its military leaders. Each was convinced that the only available weapons of conversion were the sword, the arquebuse, and the pique. Catherine was, in her heart, satisfied that the triumph of either religion was of comparatively minor consequence if the dissensions which distracted the kingdom could only be healed. The question which troubled her was how to heal them. She tried to conciliate the Protestants; this drove the Catholics to arms. She made common cause with the Catholics; the Protestants raised the standard of revolt. She attempted a compromise; she married the King's sister, Marguerite of Valois, to the King of Navarre. The ceremony was performed on the steps of Nôtre Dame, in order that the Protestant friends of the bridegroom might not violate their scruples against entering a Catholic church; but the device only enraged both parties; the Protestants spat on the church steps, and two days after the wedding the Admiral Coligny, the most prominent of the Huguenot chiefs, was shot by an assassin concealed in a house belonging to the Duke of Guise. Every thing had failed.

A year or so before the Queen-Mother had met, in secret conference, the Duke of Alva, the Minister of the King of Spain, and the ablest and most implacable enemy of Protestantism in the world. To him she had confided her intention of trying every method to calm the reciprocal hatred between Huguenots and Catholics; and, all failing, to pursue a cautious policy of oppressing the Protestants so as to drive from their fold the rank and file of the people. Alva bluntly told her that her plans would not succeed. "If you want peace," said he, "you must have but one religion in your kingdom. The Huguenots can not be crushed by temporizing measures; you must have a fresh edition of the Sicilian vespers. For ten thousand frogs are not worth one salmon."

These counsels recurred to the Queen's memory with singular force when the news was brought her that, after all her pains, the old feud had been revived by the assassination of the Admiral Coligny. "Shall we never have peace?" she exclaimed, bitterly.

The boy, her son Charles, who had just before the murder been a strong partisan of the Huguenots, was so imbecile, fickle, and passionate a youth, that a single hint from his mother brought him violently round to the Catholic side. She told him that Coligny had sent for twenty thousand German Protestants.

"Would to God," said the wretched boy, "that not only Coligny, but all the Protestants in France beside, were dead, to plague me no more!"

This was what the Queen desired. She had come round to Alva's way of thinking. Orders were given directly. The Duke of Guise, who had been out of favor at court in consequence of his undisguised disapproval of the tolerance of the Huguenots, was sent for and taken into secret council at the Louvre. Word was also dispatched to the provosts of several city companies who were known to be intolerant in their hatred of Protestants. Time was precious. Coligny was shot on 21st August; it was decided that the massacre should take place on the night of 23d–24th.

On that terrible night Paris presented the appearance of a camp. All the civic militia—intense Catholics—were under arms. Chains were stretched across the streets. Reliable troops bivouacked opposite the Louvre. Toward midnight the Duke of Guise reviewed the assassins.

"It is the King's will that the Huguenot rebels be exterminated," said he, "when the bell sounds."

The time fixed by the Council for the commencement of the massacre was the break of day. But Charles, who, to subdue his emotions, spent the early part of the night in working at an amateur forge he had in the cellar of the palace, could not endure the delay. At half past one he ordered the bell to be rung. All the churches had been warned of what was about to happen; it is painful to read that the priests eagerly welcomed the signal, and directed the tocsin to be sounded in every belfry in Paris with savage alacrity.

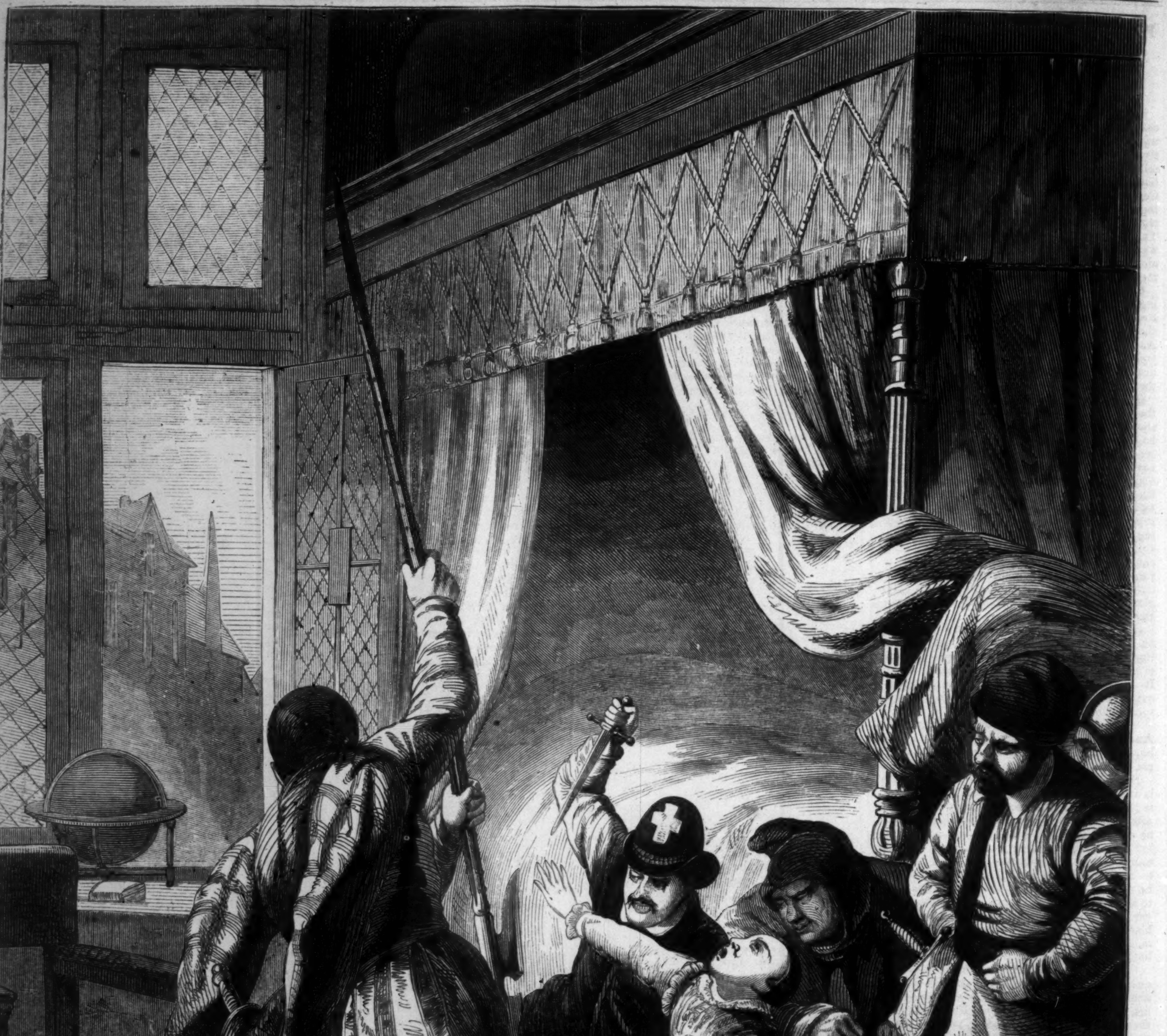
The massacre began. The Huguenots, roused from their beds by the alarm, were slaughtered as they appeared in the streets. The venerable Coligny, lying helpless in his bed crippled by his wound, was assailed by a band of assassins, to whose leader he calmly said,

"Young man, have you no respect for my gray hairs?"

He was instantly massacred; his body was thrown out of window; his savage foe, the Duke of Guise, actually wiped the blood and dirt from his face in order to make sure that the corpse was that of his enemy. All that night, all next day, and all the day after, the slaughter continued. Bloodshed intoxicated the murderers. Men were seen running through the streets with blood-red piques and garments dripping with gore, shouting for more victims. Neither age nor sex were spared. Young girls, infants, aged men and mothers were slaughtered promiscuously with the soldiers of the Huguenot army. The boy King himself, roused by the sight of blood, had an arquebuse brought to him in the balcony of the Louvre and amused himself by firing long shots at the crowds which were seeking a refuge in the Pré-aux-Clercs on the opposite side of the river. After a time absolute frenzy seized the assassins. They ceased to confine their butchery to Protestants. Numbers of Catholics were killed, and houses were plundered without regard to the religious views of their inhabitants. The miscreants who were doing the King's bidding found the gold of true believers as valuable as that of heretics, nor did they let loose their lust exclusively in Protestant pastures. Paris became, in short, the scene of a perfect saturnalia.

It is not unpleasing to read that the first who complained loudly of the disorder and anarchy were the civic companies, who had tendered their services to the Duke of Guise, but who objected to seeing *their* houses robbed or *their* wives and daughters insulted. They prayed for an edict to restrain the riots. The King granted it, but warned all persons against molesting believers in the true faith. The proviso nullified the command. Though the street massacre only lasted three days for twenty-four there was no security for life or property at Paris; and murder ran its race through the kingdom for six weeks. There was not a day in the September of that year in which some massacre did not take place in some part of France. How many Protestants perished no one can tell; but several thousand were murdered in Paris and the vicinity alone.

So St. Bartholomew's Day became infamous. By no writers is it mentioned with more horror and shame than by the modern Catholic writers in France. Its story is a perpetual warning and beacon against the consequences of insensate religious rivalry and prejudice.



THE MASSACRE OF ST. BARTHOLOMEW, AUGUST 24, 1572.

WHAT WILL HE DO WITH IT?

BY SIR E. BULWER LYTTON.

CHAPTER XXI.

In Life, as in Art, the Beautiful moves in curves.

They have dined. George Morley takes the oars, and the boat cuts through the dance of waves flushed by the golden sunset. Beautiful river! which might furnish the English tale-teller with legends wild as those culled on shores licked by Hydaspes, and sweet as those which Cephisus ever blended with the songs of nightingales and the breath of violets! But what true English poet ever names thee, O Father Thames! without a melodious tribute? And what child ever whiled away summer noons along thy grassy banks, nor hallowed thy remembrance among the fairy days of life?

Silently Lionel bent over the side of the gliding boat, his mind carried back to the same soft stream five years ago. How vast a space in his short existence those five years seemed to fill! And how far, how immeasurably far from the young man, rich in the attributes of wealth, armed with each weapon of distinction, seemed the hour when the boy had groaned aloud, "Fortune is so far, Fame so impossible!" Farther and farther yet than his present worldly station from his past, seemed the image that had first called forth in his breast the dreamy sentiment, which the sternest of us in after-life never utterly forget. Passions rage and vanish, and when all their storms are gone, yea, it may be, at the verge of the very grave, we look back and see like a star the female face, even though it be a child's, that first set us vaguely wondering at the charm in a human presence, at the void in a smile withdrawn! How many of us could recall a Beatrice through the gaps of ruined hope, seen, as by the Florentine, on the earth a guileless infant, in the heavens a spirit glorified! Yes—Laura was an affectation—Beatrice a reality!

George's voice broke somewhat distastefully on Lionel's reverie. "We near our destination, and you have not asked me even the name of the lady to whom you are to render homage. It is Lady Montfort, widow to the last Marquis. You have no doubt heard Mr. Darrell speak of her?"

"Never Mr. Darrell—Colonel Morley often. And in the world I have heard her cited as perhaps the handsomest, and certainly the haughtiest, woman in England."

"Never heard Mr. Darrell mention her! that is strange, indeed," said George Morley, catching at Lionel's first words, and unnoticing his after comment. "She was much in his house as a child, shared in his daughter's education."

"Perhaps for that very reason he shuns her name. Never, but once did I hear him allude to his daughter; nor can I wonder at that, if it be true, as I have been told by people who seem to know very little of the particulars, that, while yet scarcely out of the nursery, she fled from his house with some low adventurer—a Mr. Hammond—died abroad the first year of that unhappy marriage."

"Yes, that is the correct outline of the story; and as you guess, it explains why Mr. Darrell avoids mention of one whom he associates with his daughter's name, though, if you desire a theme dear to Lady Montfort, you can select none that more interests her grateful heart than praise of the man who saved her mother from penury, and secured to herself the accomplishments and instruction which have been her chief solace."

"Chief solace! Was she not happy with Lord Montfort? What sort of man was he?"

"I owe to Lord Montfort the living I hold, and I can remember the good qualities alone of a benefactor. If Lady Montfort was not happy with him, it is just to both to say that she never complained. But there is much in Lady Montfort's character which the Marquis apparently failed to appreciate; at all events, they had little in common, and what was called Lady Montfort's haughtiness was perhaps but the dignity with which a woman of grand nature checks the pity that would debase her—the admiration that would sully—guards her own beauty, and protects her husband's name. Here we are. Will you stay for a few minutes in the boat while I go to prepare Lady Montfort for your visit?"

George leaped ashore, and Lionel remained under the covert of mighty willows that dipped their leaves into the wave. Looking through the green interstices of the foliage, he saw at the far end of the lawn, on a curving bank by which the glittering tide shot oblique, a simple arbor—an arbor like that from which he had looked upon summer stars five years ago—not so densely covered with the honey-suckle; still the honey-suckle, recently trained there, was fast creeping up the sides; and through the trellis of the wood-work and the leaves of the flowering shrub he just caught a glimpse of some form within—the white robe of a female form in a slow gentle movement—tending, perhaps, the flowers that wreathed the arbor. Now it was still, now it stirred again; now it was suddenly lost to view. Had the inmate left the arbor? Was the inmate Lady Montfort? George Morley's step had not passed in that direction.

CHAPTER XXII.

A quiet scene—an unquiet heart.

Meanwhile, not far from the willow-bank which sheltered Lionel, but far enough to be out of her sight, and beyond her hearing, George Morley found Lady Montfort seated alone. It was a spot on which Milton might have placed the Lady in "Comus"—a circle of the smoothest sward, ringed every where (except at one opening which left the glassy river in full view) with thick bosks of dark evergreens, and shrubs of livelier verdure; oak and chestnut backing and overhanging all. Flowers, too, raised on rustic tiers and stages; a tiny fountain, shooting up from a basin starred with the water-lily; a rustic table, on which lay books and the implements of woman's graceful work; so that the place had the home-look of a chamber, and spoke that intense love of the out-door life which abounds in our old poets, from Chaucer down to the day when minstrels, polished into wits, took to Wills's Coffee-house, and the lark came no more to bid bards

> "Good-morrow
> From his watch-tower in the skies."

But long since, thank Heaven, we have again got back the English poetry which chimes to the babble of the waters and the riot of the birds; and just as that poetry is the freshest which the out-door life has the most nourished, so I believe that there is no surer sign of the rich vitality which finds its raciest joys in sources the most innocent, than the childlike taste for that same out-door life. Whether you take from fortune the palace or the cottage, add to your chambers a hall in the courts of Nature. Let the earth but give you room to stand on; well, look up. Is it nothing to have for your roof-tree—heaven?

Caroline Montfort (be her titles dropped) is changed since we last saw her. The beauty is not less in degree, but it has gained in one attribute, lost in another; it commands less, it touches more. Still in deep mourning, the sombre dress throws a paler shade over the cheek. The eyes, more sunken beneath the brow, appear larger, softer. There is that expression of fatigue which either accompanies impaired health or succeeds to mental struggle and disquietude. But the coldness or pride of mien which was peculiar to Caroline, as a wife, is gone—as if in widowhood it was no longer needed. A something like humility prevailed over the look and the bearing which had been so tranquilly majestic. As at the approach of her cousin she started from her seat, there was a nervous tremor in her eagerness; a rush of color to the cheeks; an anxious quivering of the lip; a flutter in the tones of the sweet, low voice. "Well, George."

"Mr. Darrell is not in London; he went to Fawley three days ago; at least he is there now. I have this from my uncle, to whom he wrote; and whom his departure has vexed and saddened."

"Three days ago! It must have been he, then! I was not deceived," murmured Caroline, and her eyes wandered round.

"There is no truth in the report you heard that he was to marry Honoria Vipont. My uncle thinks he will never marry again, and implies that he has resumed his solitary life at Fawley with a resolve to quit it no more."

Lady Montfort listened silently, bending her face over the fountain, and dropping amidst its playful spray the leaves of a rose which she had abstractedly plucked as George was speaking.

"I have, therefore, fulfilled your commission so far," renewed George Morley. "I have ascertained that Mr. Darrell is alive, and doubtless well; so that it could not have been his ghost that startled you amidst yonder thicket. But I have done more: I have forestalled the wish you expressed to become acquainted with young Haughton; and your object in postponing the accomplishment of that wish while Mr. Darrell himself was in town having ceased with Mr. Darrell's departure, I have ventured to bring the young man with me. He is in the boat yonder. Will you receive him? Or—but, my dear cousin, are you not too unwell to-day? What is the matter? Oh, I can easily make an excuse for you to Haughton. I will run and do so."

"No, George, no. I am as well as usual. I will see Mr. Haughton. All that you have heard of him, and have told me, interests me so much in his favor; and besides—" She did not finish the sentence; but, led away by some other thought, asked, "Have you no news of our missing friend?"

"None as yet; but in a few days I shall renew my search. Now, then, I will go for Haughton."

"Do so; and, George, when you have presented him to me, will you kindly join that dear, anxious child yonder? She is in the new arbor, or near it—her favorite spot. You must sustain her spirits and give her hope. You can not guess how eagerly she looks forward to your visits, and how gratefully she relies on your exertions."

George shook his head half-despondently, and saying, briefly, "My exertions have established no claim to her gratitude as yet," went quickly back for Lionel.

CHAPTER XXIII.

Something, on an old subject, which has never been said before.

Although Lionel was prepared to see a very handsome woman in Lady Montfort, the beauty of her countenance took him by surprise. No preparation by the eulogies of description can lessen the effect which the first sight of a beautiful object produces upon a mind to which refinement of idea gives an accurate and quick comprehension of beauty. Be it a work of art, a scene in nature, or, rarest of all, a human face divine, a beauty never before beheld strikes us with hidden pleasure, like a burst of light; and it is a pleasure that elevates. The imagination feels itself richer by a new idea of excellence; for not only is real beauty wholly original, having no prototype, but its immediate influence is spiritual. It may seem strange—I appeal to every observant artist if the assertion be not true—but the first sight of the most perfect order of female beauty, rather than courting, rebukes and strikes back every grosser instinct that would alloy admiration. There must be some meanness and blemish in the beauty which the sensualist no sooner beholds than he covets. In the higher incarnation of the abstract idea which runs through all our notions of moral good and celestial purity—even if the moment the eye sees the heart loves the image—the love has in it something of the reverence which it was said the charms of Virtue would produce could her form be made visible; nor could mere human love obtrude itself till the sweet awe of the first effect had been familiarized away. And I apprehend that it is this exalting or etherealizing attribute of beauty to which all poets, all writers who would poetize the realities of life, have unconsciously rendered homage, in the rank to which they elevate what, stripped of such attribute, would be but a gaudy idol of painted clay. If from the loftiest epic to the tritest novel a heroine is often little more than a name to which we are called upon to bow, as to a symbol representing beauty; and if we ourselves (be we ever so indifferent in our common life to fair faces) feel that in art, at least, imagination needs an image of the Beautiful—if, in a word, both poet and reader here would not be left excuseless, it is because in our inmost hearts there is a sentiment which links the ideal of beauty with the Supersensual. Wouldst thou, for instance, form some vague conception of the shape worn by a pure soul released? wouldst thou give to it the likeness of an ugly hag? or wouldst thou not ransack all thy remembrances, all thy conceptions of forms most beauteous, to clothe the holy image? Do so: now bring it thus robed with the richest graces before thy mind's eye. Well, seest thou now the excuse for poets in the rank they give to Beauty? Seest thou now how high from the realm of the senses soars the mysterious Archetype? Without the idea of beauty couldst thou conceive a form in which to clothe a soul that has entered heaven?

CHAPTER XXIV.

Agreeable surprises are the perquisites of youth.

If the beauty of Lady Montfort's countenance took Lionel by surprise, still more might he wonder at the winning kindness of her address—a kindness of look, manner, voice, which seemed to welcome him not as a chance acquaintance but as a new-found relation. The first few sentences, in giving them a subject of common interest, introduced into their converse a sort of confiding household familiarity. For Lionel, ascribing Lady Montfort's gracious reception to her early recollections of his kinsman, began at once to speak of Guy Darrell; and in a little time they were walking over the turf, or through the winding alleys of the garden, linking talk to the same theme, she by question, he by answer—he, charmed to expatiate—she, pleased to listen—and liking each other more and more, as she recognized in all he said a bright young heart, overflowing with grateful and proud affection, and as he felt instinctively that he was with one who sympathized in his enthusiasm—one who had known the great man in his busy day, ere the rush of his career had paused, whose childhood had lent a smile to the great man's home before childhood and smile had left it.

As they thus conversed, Lionel now and then, in the turns of their walk, caught a glimpse of George Morley in the distance, walking also side by side with some young companion, and ever as he caught that glimpse a strange restless curiosity shot across his mind, and distracted it even from praise of Guy Darrell. Who could that be with George? Was it a relation of Lady Montfort's? The figure was not in mourning; its shape seemed slight and youthful—now it passes by that acacia-tree—standing for a moment apart and distinct from George's shadow, but its own outline dim in the deepening twilight—now it has passed on, lost among the laurels.

Lionel and Lady Montfort now came before the windows of the house, which was not large for the rank of the owner, but commodious, with no pretense to architectural beauty—dark-red brick, a century and a half old—irregular; jutting forth here, receding there, so as to produce that depth of light and shadow which lends a certain picturesque charm even to the least ornate buildings—a charm to which the Gothic architecture owes half its beauty. Jessamine, roses, woodbine, ivy, trained up the angles and between the windows. Altogether the house had that air of HOME which had been wanting to the regal formality of Montfort Court. One of the windows, raised above the ground by a short winding stair, stood open. Lights had seemingly just been brought into the room within, and Lionel's eye was caught by the gleam.

Lady Montfort turned up the stair, and Lionel followed her into the apartment. A harp stood at one corner—not far from it the piano and music-stand. On one of the tables there were the implements of drawing—a sketch in water-colors half finished.

"Our work-room," said Lady Montfort, with a warm cheerful smile, and yet Lionel could see that tears were in her eyes—"mine and my dear pupil's. Yes, that harp is hers. Is he still fond of music—I mean Mr. Darrell?"

"Yes, though he does not care for it in crowds; but he can listen for hours to Fairthorn's lute. You remember Mr. Fairthorn?"

"Yes, I remember him," answered Lady Montfort, softly. "Mr. Darrell, then, likes *his* music still?"

Lionel here uttered an exclamation of more than surprise. He had turned to examine the water-color sketch—a rustic inn, a honey-suckle arbor, a river in front, a boat yonder—just begun.

"I know the spot!" he cried. "Did you make the sketch of it?"

"I? no; it is hers—my pupil's—my adopted child's."

Lionel's dark eyes turned to Lady Montfort's wistfully, inquiringly; they asked what his lips could not presume to ask. "Your adopted child—what is she?—who?"

As if answering to the eyes, Lady Montfort said—

"Wait here a moment; I will go for her."

She left him, descended the stairs into the garden, joined George Morley and his companion; took aside the former, whispered him, then drawing the arm of the latter within her own, led her back into the room, while George Morley remained in the garden, throwing himself on a bench, and gazing on the stars as they now came forth, fast and frequent, though one by one.

CHAPTER XXV.

> "Quem Fors dierum cunque dabit
> Lucro appone."—Horat.

Lionel stood, expectant, in the centre of the room, and as the two female forms entered the lights were full upon their faces. That younger face—it is she—it is she, the unforgotten—the long lost. Instinctively, as if no years had rolled between—as if she were still the little child, he the boy who had coveted such a sister—he sprang forward and opened his arms, and as suddenly halted, dropped the arms to his side, blushing, confused, abashed. She! that vagrant child!—she! that form so elegant—that great peeress's pupil—adopted daughter, *she!* the poor wandering Sophy! She!—impossible!

But her eyes, at first downcast, are now fixed on him. She, too, starts—not forward, but in recoil; she, too, raises her arms, not to open, but to press them to her breast; and she, too, as suddenly checks an impulse, and stands, like him, blushing, confused, abashed.

"Yes," said Caroline Montfort, drawing Sophy nearer to her breast—"yes, you will both forgive me for the surprise. Yes, you do see before you, grown up to become the pride of those who cherish her, that Sophy who—"

"Sophy!" cried Lionel, advancing; "it is so, then! I knew you were no stroller's grandchild."

Sophy drew up—"I am, I am *his* grandchild, and as proud to be so as I was then."

"Pardon me, pardon me; I meant to say that he too was not what he seemed. You forgive me," extending his hand, and Sophy's soft hand fell into his forgivingly.

"But he lives? is well? is here? is—" Sophy burst into tears, and Lady Montfort made a sign to Lionel to go into the garden and leave them. Reluctantly and dizzily, as one in a dream, he obeyed, leaving the vagrant's grandchild to be soothed in the fostering arms of her whom, an hour or two ago, he knew but by the titles of her rank and the reputation of her pride.

It was not many minutes before Lady Montfort rejoined him.

"You touched unawares," said she, "upon the poor child's most anxious cause of sorrow. Her grandfather, for whom her affection is so sensitively keen, has disappeared. I will speak of that later; and if you wish, you shall be taken into our consultations. But—" she paused, looked into his face—open, loyal face, face of gentleman—with heart of man in its eyes, soul of man on its brow;—face formed to look up to the stars which now lighted it—and laying her hand lightly on his shoulder, resumed with hesitating voice—"But I feel like a culprit in asking you what, nevertheless, I must ask, as an imperative condition, if your visits here are to be renewed—if your intimacy here is to be established. And unless you comply with that condition, come no more; we can not confide in each other."

"Oh, Lady Montfort, impose any condition. I promise beforehand."

"Not beforehand. The condition is this: inviolable secrecy. You will not mention to any one your visits here; your introduction to me; your discovery of the stroller's grandchild in my adopted daughter."

"Not to Mr. Darrell?"

"To him least of all; but this I add, it is for Mr. Darrell's sake that I insist on such concealment; and I trust the concealment will not be long protracted."

"For Mr. Darrell's sake!"

"For the sake of his happiness," cried Lady Montfort, clasping her hands. "My debt to him is larger far than yours; and in thus appealing to you, I scheme to pay back a part of it. Do you trust me?"

"I do, I do."

And from that evening Lionel Haughton became the constant visitor in that house.

Two or three days afterward Colonel Morley, quitting England for a German Spa at which he annually recruited himself for a few weeks, relieved Lionel from the embarrassment of any questions which that shrewd observer might otherwise have addressed to him. London itself was now empty. Lionel found a quiet lodging in the vicinity of Twickenham. And when his foot passed along the shady lane through yon wicket gate into that region of turf and flowers, he felt as might have felt that famous Minstrel of Ercildoun, when, blessed with the privilege to enter Fairyland at will, the Rhymer stole to the grassy hill-side, and murmured the spell that unlocks the gates of Oberon.

BOOK VIII.—CHAPTER I.

> "A little fire burns up a great deal of corn."
> Old Proverb.

Guy Darrell resumed the thread of solitary life at Fawley with a calm which was deeper in its gloom than it had been before. The experiment of return to the social world had failed. The resolutions which had induced the experiment were finally renounced. Five years nearer to death, and the last hope that had flitted across the narrowing desponding passage to the grave, fallen like a faithless torch from his own hand, and trodden out by his own foot.

It was peculiarly in the nature of Darrell to connect his objects with posterity—to regard eminence in the Present but as a beacon-height from which to pass on to the Future the name he had taken from the Past. All his early ambition, sacrificing pleasure to toil, had placed its goal at a distance, remote from the huzzas of by-standers; and Ambition halted now, baffled and despairing. Childless, his line would perish with himself—himself, who had so vaunted its restoration in the land! His genius was childless also—it would leave behind it no offspring of the brain. By toil he had amassed ample wealth; by talent he had achieved a splendid reputation. But the reputation was as perishable as the wealth. Let a half century pass over his tomb, and nothing would be left to speak of the successful lawyer, the applauded orator, save traditional anecdotes, a laudatory notice in contemporaneous memoirs—perhaps, at most, quotations of eloquent sentences lavished on forgotten cases and obsolete debates—shreds and fragments of a great intellect, which another half-century would sink without a bubble into the depths of Time.* He had enacted no laws—he had administered no state—he had composed no books. Like the figure on a clock, which adorns the case and has no connection with the movement, he, so prominent an ornament to Time, had no part in its works. Removed, the eye would miss him for a while; but a nation's literature or history was the same, whether with him or without. Some with a tithe of his abilities have the luck to fasten their names to things that endure; they have been responsible for measures they did not invent, and which, for good or evil, influence long generations. They have written volumes out of which a couplet of verse, a period in prose, may cling to the rock of ages as a shell that survives a deluge. But the orator, whose effects are immediate—who enthralls his audience in proportion as he nicks the hour—who, were he speaking like Burke what, apart from the subject-matter, closet students would praise, must, like Burke, thin his audience, and exchange present oratorical success for ultimate intellectual renown—a man, in short, whose oratory is emphatically that of the DEBATER, is, like an actor, rewarded with a loud applause and a complete oblivion. Waife on the village stage might win applause no less loud, followed by oblivion not more complete.

Darrell was not blind to the brevity of his fame. In his previous seclusion he had been resigned to that conviction—now it saddened him. Then, unconfessed by himself, the idea that he might yet reappear in active life, and do something which the world would not willingly let die, had softened the face of that tranquil Nature from which he must soon now pass out of reach and sight. On the tree of Time he was a leaf already sere upon the bough—not an inscription graven into the rind.

Ever slow to yield to weak regrets—ever seeking to combat his own enemies within—Darrell said to himself one night, while Fairthorn's flute was breathing an air of romance through the melancholy walls, "Is it too late yet to employ this still busy brain upon works that will live when I am dust, and make Posterity supply the heir that fails to my house?"

He shut himself up with immortal authors—he meditated on the choice of a theme; his knowledge was wide, his taste refined;—words!—*he* could not want words! Why should he not write? Alas! why indeed?—He who has never been a writer in his youth, can no more be a writer in his age than he can be a painter—a musician. What! not write a book? Oh yes—as he may paint a picture or set a song. But a writer, in the emphatic sense of the word—a writer as Darrell was an orator—Oh no! And, least of all, will he be a writer if he has been an orator by impulse and habit—an orator too happily gifted to require, and too laboriously occupied to resort to, the tedious aids of written preparation—an orator as modern life forms orators—not, of course, an orator like those of the classic world, who elaborated sentences before delivery, and who, after delivery, polished each extemporaneous interlude into rhetorical exactitude and musical perfection. And how narrow the range of compositions to a man burdened already by a grave reputation! He can not have the self-abandonment—he can not venture the headlong charge—with which Youth flings the reins to genius, and dashes into the ranks of Fame. Few and austere his themes—fastidious and hesitating his taste. Restricted are the movements of him who walks for the first time into the Forum of Letters with the purple hem on his senatorial toga. Guy Darrell, at his age, entering among authors as a novice!—he, the great lawyer, to whom attorneys would have sent no briefs had he been suspected of coquetting with a muse—he, the great orator, who had electrified audiences in proportion to the sudden effects which distinguish oral inspiration from written eloquence—he achieve now, in an art which his whole life had neglected, any success commensurate to his contemporaneous repute;—how unlikely! But a success which should outlive that repute, win the "everlasting inheritance" which could alone have nerved him to adequate effort—how impossible! He could not himself comprehend why, never at a loss for language felicitously apposite or richly ornate when it had but to flow from his thought to his tongue, nor wanting ease, even eloquence, in epistolary correspondence confidentially familiar—he should find words fail ideas, and ideas fail words, the moment his pen became a wand that conjured up the Ghost of the dread Public! The more copious his thoughts, the more embarrassing their selection, the more exquisite his perception of excellence in others, the more timidly frigid his efforts at faultless style. It would be the same with the most skillful author, if the Ghost of the Public had not long since ceased to haunt him. While he writes, the true author's solitude is absolute or peopled at his will. But take an audience from an orator, what is he? He commands the living Public—the Ghost of the Public awes himself.

"Surely once," sighed Darrell, as he gave his blurred pages to the flames—"surely once I had some pittance of the author's talent, and have spent it upon lawsuits."

The author's talent, no doubt, Guy Darrell once had—the author's temperament, never. What is the author's temperament? Too long a task to define. But without it a man may write a clever book, an useful book, a book that may live a year, ten years, fifty years. He will not stand out to distant ages a representative of the age that rather lived in him than he in it. The author's temperament is that which makes him an integral, earnest, original unity, distinct from all before and all that may succeed him. And as a Father of the Church has said that the consciousness of individual being is the sign of immortality, not granted to the inferior creatures—so it is in this individual temperament one and indivisible; and in the intense conviction of it, more than in all the works it may throw off, that the author becomes immortal. Nay, his works may perish like those of Orpheus or Pythagoras;* but he himself, in his name, in the footprint of his being, remains, like Orpheus or Pythagoras, undestroyed, indestructible.

Resigning literature, the Solitary returned to science. There he was more at home. He had cultivated science, in his dazzling academical career, with ardor and success; he had renewed the study, on his first retirement to Fawley, as a distraction from tormenting memories or unextinguished passions. He now for the first time regarded the absorbing abstruse occupation as a possible source of fame. To be one in the starry procession of those sons of light who have solved a new law in the statute-book of heaven! Surely a grand ambition, not unbecoming to his years and station, and pleasant in its labors to a man who loved Nature's outward scenery with poetic passion, and had studied her inward mysteries with a sage's minute research. Science needs not the author's art—she rejects its graces—she recoils with a shudder from its fancies. But Science requires in the mind of the discoverer a limpid calm. The lightnings that reveal Diespiter must flash in serene skies. No clouds store that thunder—

> "Quo bruta tellus, et vaga flumina,
> Quo Styx, et invisi horrida Tænari
> Sedes, Atlanteusque finis
> Concutitur!"

So long as you take science only as a distraction, science will not lead you to discovery. And from some cause or other, Guy Darrell was more unquiet and perturbed in his present than in his past seclusion. Science this time failed even to distract. In the midst of august meditations—of close experiment—some haunting angry thought from the far world passed with rude shadow between Intellect and Truth—the heart eclipsed the mind. The fact is, that Darrell's genius was essentially formed for Action. His was the true orator's temperament, with the qualities that belong to it—the grasp of affairs—the comprehension of men and states—the constructive, administrative faculties. In such career, and in such career alone, could he have developed all his powers, and achieved an imperishable name. Gradually as science lost its interest, he retreated from all his former occupations, and would wander for long hours over the wild unpopulated landscapes round him. As if it were his object to fatigue the body, and in that fatigue tire out the restless brain, he would make his gun the excuse for rambles from sunrise to twilight over the manors he had purchased years ago, lying many miles off from Fawley. There are times when a man who has passed his life in cultivating his mind finds that the more he can make the physical existence predominate, the more he can lower himself to the rude vigor of his game-keeper, or his day laborer—why, the more he can harden his nerves to support the weight of his reflections.

In these rambles he was not always alone. Fairthorn contrived to insinuate himself much more than formerly into his master's habitual companionship. The faithful fellow had missed Darrell so sorely in that long unbroken absence of five years, that on recovering him, Fairthorn seemed resolved to make up for lost time. Departing from his own habits, he would, therefore, lie in wait for Guy Darrell—creeping out of a bramble or bush, like a familiar sprite; and was no longer to be awed away by a curt syllable or a contracted brow. And Darrell, at first submitting reluctantly, and out of compassionate kindness, to the flute-player's obtrusive society, became by degrees to welcome and relax in it. Fairthorn knew the great secrets of his life. To Fairthorn alone on all earth could he speak without reserve of one name and of one sorrow. Speaking to Fairthorn was like talking to himself, or to his pointers, or to his favorite doe, upon which last he bestowed a new collar, with an inscription that implied more of the true cause that had driven him a second time to the shades of Fawley than he would have let out to Alban Morley or even to Lionel Haughton. Alban was too old for that confidence—Lionel much too young. But the Musician, like Art itself, was of no age; and if ever the gloomy master unbent his outward moodiness and secret spleen in any approach to gayety, it was in a sort of saturnine playfulness to this grotesque, grown-up infant. They cheered each other, and they teased each other. Stalking side by side over the ridged fallows, Darrell would sometimes pour forth his whole soul, as a poet does to his muse; and at Fairthorn's abrupt interruption or rejoinder, turn round on him with fierce objurgation or withering sarcasm, or what the flute-player abhorred more than all else, a truculent quotation from Horace, which drove Fairthorn away into some vanishing covert or hollow, out of which Darrell had to entice him, sure that, in return, Fairthorn would take a sly occasion to send into his side a vindictive prickle. But as the two came home in the starlight, the dogs dead beat and poor Fairthorn too—ten to one but what the musician was leaning all his weight on his master's nervous arm, and Darrell was looking with tender kindness in the face of the SOME ONE left to lean upon him still.

One evening, as they were sitting together in the library, the two hermits, each in his corner, and after a long silence, the flute-player said abruptly—

"I have been thinking—"

"Thinking!" quoth Darrell, with his mechanical irony; "I am sorry for you. Try not to do so again."

FAIRTHORN. "Your poor dear father—"

Darrell, wincing, startled, and expectant of a prickle—"Eh? my father—"

FAIRTHORN. "Was a great antiquary. How it would have pleased him could he have left a fine collection of antiquities as an heir-loom to the nation!—his name thus preserved for ages, and connected with the studies of his life. There are the Elgin Marbles. The parson was talking to me yesterday of a new Vernon Gallery; why not in the British Museum an everlasting Darrell Room? Plenty to stock it mouldering yonder in the chambers which you will never finish."

"My dear Dick," cried Darrell, starting up, "give me your hand. What a brilliant thought! I could do nothing else to preserve my dear father's name. *Eureka!* You are right. Set the carpenters at work to-morrow. Remove the boards; open the chambers; we will inspect their stores, and select what would worthily furnish 'A Darrell Room.' Perish Guy Darrell the lawyer! Philip Darrell the antiquary at least shall live!"

It is marvelous with what charm Fairthorn's lucky idea seized upon Darrell's mind. The whole of the next day he spent in the forlorn skeleton of the unfinished mansion slowly decaying beside his small and homely dwelling. The pictures, many of which were the rarest originals in early Flemish and Italian art, were dusted with tender care, and hung from hasty nails upon the bare ghastly walls. Delicate ivory carvings, wrought by the matchless hand of Cellini—early Florentine bronzes—priceless specimens of Raffaelle ware and Venetian glass—the precious trifles, in short, which the collector of medieval curiosities amasses for his heirs to disperse among the palaces of kings and the cabinets of nations—were dragged again to unfamiliar light. The invaded sepulchral building seemed a very Pompeii of the *Cinque Cento*. To examine, arrange, methodize, select for national purposes, such miscellaneous treasures, would be the work of weeks. For easier access, Darrell caused a slight hasty passage to be thrown over the gap between the two edifices. It ran from the room niched into the gables of the old house, which, originally fitted up for scientific studies, now became his habitual apartment, into the largest of the uncompleted chambers which had been designed for the grand reception-gallery of the new building. Into the pompous gallery thus made contiguous to his monk-like cell, he gradually gathered the choicest specimens of his collection. The damps were expelled by fires on grateless hearth-stones; sunshine admitted from windows now for the first time exchanging boards for glass; rough iron sconces, made at the nearest forge, were thrust into the walls, and sometimes lighted at night—Darrell and Fairthorn walking arm in arm along the unpolished floors, in company with Holbein's Nobles, Perugino's Virgins. Some of that high-bred company displaced and banished the next day, as repeated inspection made the taste more rigidly exclusive. Darrell had found object, amusement, occupation—frivolous if compared with those lenses, and glasses, and algebraical scrawls which had once whiled lonely hours in the attic-room hard by; but not frivolous even to the judgment of the austerest sage, if that sage had not reasoned away his heart. For here it was not Darrell's taste that was delighted; it was Darrell's heart that, ever hungry, had found food. His heart was connecting those long-neglected memorials of an ambition baffled and relinquished—here with a nation, there with his father's grave! How his eyes sparkled! how his lip smiled! Nobody would have guessed it—none of us know each other; least of all do we know the interior being of those whom we estimate by public repute; but what a world of simple, fond affection, lay coiled and wasted in that proud man's solitary breast.

THINGS WISE AND OTHERWISE.

A PEDDLER calling out an old lady to dispose of some goods, inquired of her if she could tell him of any road on which no peddler had traveled. "Yes," replied she, "I know of one, and that's the road to heaven."

"Sambo, you black tief, Sambo, why you betray dat secret I told you de other day?" "I betray de secret? I scorns de 'putation. I found I couldn't keep um, so I told um to somebody dat could!"

An Irishman went to confession, and while relating his sins his eye lit on a plug of tobacco sticking half out of one of the pockets of his father confessor's pants. The furtive instinct of the son of the Green Isle was tempted beyond its strength by the sight; so, heedless of time and place, he slyly transferred "the bit o' 'backy" into his own pocket, and after enumerating a long series of violations of the command of God and holy Church, concluded by saying: "An' sure, Father, I stole a plug o' tobacky." "You must restore either it or its value to the owner," said the priest. "Take it, thin, yer riverence," said Pat, producing the stolen article. "I don't want it," replied the priest; "give it to the owner, I say." "Sure an' I offered it to the owner," said Pat, "an' not a bit would he take it, yer riverence." "Oh! if that's the case, then you may keep it." "Thanks to yer riverence," rejoined Pat, repocketing the weed; "I'm riddy for the absolution."

In the town of M——, Lewis County, resided, several years ago, a worthy old gentleman, with his son and daughter-in-law. The latter, being of a querulous disposition, was always complaining of her hard lot, and expressing her determination to commit suicide at the earliest favorable opportunity. One day, when the husband had gone "to mill," she called her father-in-law to see her commit the act of self-destruction. The old gentleman put on his coat and accompanied her to the river's bank, and coolly waited for her to "jump in." This was rather a damper to the lady; but, at last, she bid him "good-by," and was apparently about to plunge in, when the old gentleman cried out to her, "Not there, not there! it ain't deep enough! here's a better place!" The coolness of the old gentleman knocked the romance of the thing out of the daughter's mind: she gave up her intention, and returned to her home and her duties quite reformed.

A RECIPE FOR A WIFE.

As much of beauty as preserves affection,
As much of cheerfulness as spurns dejection,
Of modest deference as claims protection,
Yet stored with reason and reflection,
And every passion held in due subjection.
Just faults enough to keep her from perfection:
Find this, my friend, and then make your selection.

"Hillo, Misther Postmaster! and is there iver a letther here for Dennis O'Flaherty?"

"I believe there is," said the postmaster, stepping back and producing the letter.

"And will you be so kind as to rade it to me, seein' I had the misfortune to be edicated to rade niver a bit?"

"To be sure," said the accommodating postmaster.

He then opened and read the epistle, which was from the "old country," concerning his relations there, etc. When he had finished, Dennis observed:

"And what would ye be axin for the postage on that letter?"

"Fifty cents."

"And it's chape enough, yer honor; but, as I niver think of axin ye to trust me, just kape the letther for pay; and say, Misther, if I'd call in one of these days, would ye write an answer to it?"

"My boy, what does your mother do for a living?" was asked of a little bare-footed urchin. "She eats cold vittles, Sir."

"I would do any thing to gratify you, I would go to the end of the world to please you," said a fervent lover to the object of his affections. "Well, Sir, go there, and stay, and I shall be pleased."

A gentleman was one day arranging music for a young lady to whom he was paying his addresses. "Pray, Miss D.," said he, "what time do you prefer?" "Oh," she replied, carelessly, "any time will do; but the quicker the better."

CROSS-PURPOSES.—It may be said of Puseyism that, with Protestantism, as well as with Popery, it is always playing at Cross-purposes.

THE FIRST JOCULAR ATTEMPT OF SOYER.

"EVERY BODY'S SAUCE" (*Source*).—Adam and Eve. Oh, M. Soyer! M. Soyer!!

To a friend who had married a lady who was on the point of taking the vail, Jerrold said, "Ah! she evidently thought you better than *nun!*"

VERY CONSIDERATE.—An Irishman, being recently on trial for some offense, pleaded "not guilty;" and the jury being in the box, the State Solicitor proceeded to call Mr. Furkisson as a witness. With the utmost innocence, Patrick turned his face to the court, and said, "Do I understand, yer honor, that Mr. Furkisson is to be a witness forenenst me again?" The Judge said, dryly, "It seems so." "Well, thin, yer honor, I plade guilty, sure an' yer honor plaise, not because I *am* guilty, for I'm as innocent as yer honor's sucking babe, but just on account of saving Misther Furkisson's *soul*."

"That's a flame of mine," as the bellows said to the fire.

The strongest-minded woman shrinks from being caught in her night-cap.

Some one speaking of a celebrated base-singer, said, "He led a very abandoned life." "Oh yes, replied Sealey, "the whole *tenor* of his life has been *base*."

Miller, who shot at Judge Fitch, of Toledo, is now in the Newburgh Insane Asylum. Recently he wrote the following verses, and sent them to a friend in Toledo, who had them inserted in the *Blade*:

Gods, philosophers, and kings,
Devils, angels, minus wings,
Material and spirit things;
What from mind or matter springs
  Confusion in profusion.
Laughing men and crying men,
Lotharios and dying men,
Preaching, praying, fighting, prying,
Shouting, singing, swapping, buying,
Stealing, begging, sighing men,
  For our institution.

Lords of castles in the air,
Builders in hydrogen rare,
Light heads, light absorbent hair,
Draws well here as any where;
Rats, plug-uglies also, share
  Our hospie-table fodder.
All the visionary lights,
Men of Justice, dreams and sights,
Kansas screamers—people's rights,
Men of colors, men of plights,
Drinking, thinking, lazy wights,
  Hallucinated plodder.

Lunatic Hotel, hello!
Counties of North Ohio,
Sandusky, Cleveland, Toledo,
Send your Quixotes; here, you know,
Lodging's cheap, the grub so, so—
  Bring 'em on and tyle 'em.
Let them fancy what they will,
Gill is Jack and Jack is Gill,
He we make, mend, cure, or kill,
Clothe, feed, physic; Doctor Pill
Looks to the State to foot the bill
  Of our Insane Asylum.

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* It is so with many a Pollio of the Bar and Senate. Fifty years hence, and how faint upon the page of Hansard will be the vestiges of Follett! No printer's type can record his decorous grace—the persuasion of his silvery tongue. Fifty years hence, even Plunkett, weightiest speaker, on his own subject, in the assembly that contained a Canning and a Brougham, will be a myth to our grandsons.

* It need scarcely be said that the works ascribed to Orpheus or Pythagoras are generally allowed not to be genuine.

A COQUETTE IN INDIA.—"And who," says I, "is that pretty young lady to whom three gentlemen are paying court?" "It is Miss T—— giving laws to her triumvirate. She possesses talents of no common order. What an acquisition she would have been to the Czar or the coteries of Paris! She has not yet numbered twenty summers; yet observe with what a delicate poise she preserves the balance of power. To one of her adorers she had given her fan, to another her scarf, the third was 'au desespoir.' What was to be done? Fortunately the ribbon of her sandal was loose, she told the despairing one to tie it. He did so, recovered his gayety, and an universal equilibrium was the consequence."

Young M——, a poetical, romantic, gin-drinking youth, has been laboring under "a slight mistake" in paying his devoirs to a second-rate Psyche in the vicinity of the Bowling Green, and playing a thousand antics beneath the parlor windows. The unfortunate wight has at last discovered that she lived at the back part of the house. *Figaro* has favored us with the subjoined lines on this dire mishap:

M—— fell in love with a maid,
  Each night 'neath the window he stood,
And there, with his soft serenade,
  He awakened the whole neighborhood;
But vainly he tried to arouse
  Her sleep, with his strains so bewitching:
While he played in front of the house
  She slept in the little back kitchen.

A NOTICE OF MOTION.—"I rise, my lord," said a certain barrister noted for prolixity in the Court of King's Bench, "to give notice of a motion." The Judge interrupted him by saying, "Mr. S——, your *rising* is always a notice of *motion*, for every one that can *moves* off!"

PLEASURES OF WINE.—Lord Eldon was celebrated as a *bon vivant.* "How many bottles," said his late Majesty to Stowel, "can your brother take at a sitting?" "Why, I really can't say; but I should think, your Majesty, any *given* quantity."

A Judge was trying a prisoner accused of felony. While delivering his charge, and minutely recapitulating and commenting on the evidence, the jury and the counsel fell fast asleep! The sheriffs who had charge of the prisoner, being soon after seen to nod—a spectator who happened to be awake, and apprehending the prisoner might escape, suddenly exclaimed, "Wake the sheriffs!" "Never mind," said the Judge—who was a wag in his way—"the sheriffs may have their nap out—for the prisoner is fast asleep also!"

Now and then we meet with curious letters. Here is one taken from the London *Times* of January, 1860. It is literally copied from a note sent to a medical man in Lancashire:

"Cer, yole obleege me uf yole kum un ce me. I hey a Bad knowd am Hill in my Bow Hills and hev lost my Happy Tight."

A YOUNG MAIDEN'S LOGIC.—A puritanical preacher was one day struck with surprise on beholding a beautiful set of curls on the head of a lovely maid, a member of his class, whose head had been usually very plain. "Ah! Eliza," said he, "you should not waste your precious time curling your hair; if God intended it to be curled, he would have curled it for you." "Indeed," said the witty maid, "I must differ with you. When I was an infant he curled it for me, but now that I am grown up, he thinks that I am able to do it myself."

A witness being called into court to testify in a certain cause there pending, on being asked what he knew of the matter, gave the following lucid evidence. He undertakes to relate a conversation between himself and the defendant.

"Pat!" said he; "What!" said I; "Here," said he; "Where?" said I; "It's cold!" said he; "Faith it is!" said I; "Oho!" said he; "Ah!" said I; "The Devil!" said he; "When" (*whistling*), said I; "And that's all he told me upon the subject."

FINANCIAL AND COMMERCIAL.

FRANKLIN SQUARE, *Monday, August 23*, 1858.

THE foreign trade of the port for the past week compares as follows with that of the corresponding week last year:

	Imports.	Exports.
Week ending Aug. 21, 1858	$2,925,380....	$963,110
Corresponding week, 1857	4,457,320....	937,512
Decrease	$1,531,940	
Increase		$25,598

The export of specie was $844,781, and a further sum of a million and a quarter was paid into the Treasury on account of the new loan. It is therefore probable that the Bank Averages to be made up to-night will not show a specie reserve of over twenty-eight millions.

Money has been rather more active during the week. Four is now nearer the market rate for loans on call than three. Exchange in consequence of the loan has declined. We quote Banker's Bills on London at 109½ @ ¾, on Paris, 5.12½ @ 5.11.

Stocks have slightly improved within the past day or two, partly on the strength of rumors of a compromise between the Erie and Central, and partly in consequence of more encouraging news from Europe. The following table will show the movement for the week:

	August 14.	August 21.
Missouri 6's	85½	84½
La Crosse land grants	22½	22½
Delaware and Hudson	99	98½
Pacific Mail	83½	85
Panama	113	114
New York Central	77¾	78
Erie	16½	17½
Hudson	28	28½
Harlem	10	11
Reading	48½	48
Michigan Southern	22½	22½
Michigan Central	59	58
Galena	84	83½
Rock Island	74½	73
Toledo	34½	34
Illinois Central	75	76½
La Crosse	4	3½
Milwaukie and Mississippi	15	15

WEEKLY MARKET SUMMARY.

NEW YORK, *Monday, August 23*, 1858.

THE Wholesale Produce Markets have improved materially, especially toward the close, for the leading kinds of Breadstuffs. Supplies have been very moderate. Desirable lots of Flour, Wheat, and Corn have been quite scarce. The reported break in the Canal has had the effect of strengthening the market....Cotton has been more sought after, and prices have favored sellers ....Provisions have been in moderate request. Hog Products have tended downward. Other kinds have not varied much....Groceries have been quiet, yet steady. Coffee is more abundant....Naval Stores, Rice, and Hides have been more inquired for at, in the main, advanced quotations....Hops have attracted more attention, and have increased in value....Hay has been in fair demand at uniform rates....Hemp, Seeds, and Tobacco have been lightly dealt in....Wool has been in good request at full prices....The trade in staple and choice Fancy Dry Goods is steadily improving. Southern and Southwestern buyers are purchasing most freely, especially of Domestic fabrics. The Dry Goods imports during the week amounted to $1,230,432, against $2,519,736, the corresponding week of last year....The value of the imports since January 1 reached $37,644,522, against $72,555,010 the same week last year....The movements in other commodities were moderate, and unproductive of any remarkable alterations....We append a revised list of the closing quotations for the leading articles:

Rejected sup'fine State Flour, per bbl.	$4 10	@	4 30
" extra " "	4 45	@	4 85
Superfine to extra State, per barrel	4 85	@	5 30
Superfine to fancy Western, per barrel	4 85	@	5 30
Extra Western, per barrel	5 20	@	8 00
Fancy to extra Genesee, per barrel	5 40	@	7 75
Super to Extra Canadian, per barrel	5 25	@	6 00
Mixed to Extra Southern, per barrel	5 50	@	8 80
Fine to Superfine Rye Flour, per bbl.	3 50	@	4 35
Corn Meal, per barrel	4 25	@	4 75
White Wheat, per bushel	1 18	@	1 62½
Red Wheat, per bushel	98	@	1 35
Corn, per bushel	76	@	93
Rye, per bushel	81	@	83
Barley, per bushel	60	@	65
Western Oats, per bushel	51	@	53
State Oats, per bushel	50	@	52
Jersey and Penn. Oats, per bushel	42	@	46
Southern Oats, per bushel	33	@	41
Cotton, middlings, per pound	12¾	@	13
Mess Pork, per barrel	17 00	@	17 10
Prime Pork, per barrel	14 80	@	14 85
Country Mess Beef, per barrel	11 50	@	12 00
Prime Mess Beef, per tierce	20 00	@	22 00
Beef Hams, per barrel	19 00	@	20 00
Cut Meats, per pound	6½	@	8½
Lard, per pound	11½	@	11¾
State Butter, per pound	14	@	24
Western Butter, per pound	12	@	19
Cheese, per pound	2½	@	8
Rice, per 100 pounds	2 87½	@	3 87½
Rio Coffee, per pound	9¾	@	11½
Cuba Sugar, per pound	6½	@	9
Cuba Molasses, per gallon	28	@	35
New Orleans Sugar, per pound	7	@	8½
New Orleans Molasses, per gallon	50	@	—
Hyson Teas, per pound	27	@	60
Oolong Teas, per pound	30	@	55
Domestic Whisky, per gallon	26½	@	27
Hops, per pound	5	@	8
Hay, per 100 pounds	40	@	70
Tallow, per pound	10	@	—
Crude Turpentine, per 280 pounds	3 62½	@	—
Spirits Turpentine, per gallon	47½	@	48
Tar, per barrel	1 75	@	2 00
Common Rosin, per 310 pounds	1 65	@	1 70
Linseed Oil, per gallon	71	@	72
Kentucky Tobacco, per pound	6½	@	16
Seed Leaf Tobacco	6	@	25
American Fleece Wool, per pound	27	@	46
" Pulled Wool	25	@	38

Freights continued depressed. For Liverpool—Cotton, 3-16d. per pound; Flour, 10½d. @ 1s. per barrel; Grain, 2½d. @ 4d. per bushel; Heavy Goods, 10s. @ 20s. per ton. For other ports proportionate rates. The number of vessels of all classes on port in Saturday was 774.

The Live Stock Markets last Wednesday were firmer for Beeves, which were less plenty, and were in fair demand....Milch Cows were rather more sought after at former rates....Veal Calves were in moderate request at rather higher quotations....Sheep and Lambs were dull and heavy....Swine were more abundant, and were depressed....The reported receipts of Live Stocks during each of the last two weeks compares as follows:

	Week ending *Aug* 11.	Week ending *Aug* 18.
Beeves	4,332	3,330
Milch Cows	184	185
Veal Calves	611	563
Sheep and Lambs	13,860	13,724
Swine	8,130	8,661

Of the Forty-fourth Street Market supply of Beeves last Wednesday there were received from

Illinois	1192	Indiana	121
Ohio	597	Pennsylvania	49
New York	498	Kentucky	34
Texas	156	Canada	31

The range of prices according to the actual sales of Live Stock at the leading City Markets last Wednesday was as follows:

Poor to premium Beeves, per pound	$ 6½	@	$ 9½
Common to ex. Milch Cows, per head	25 00	@	65 00
Veal Calves, per pound	4½	@	6½
Sheep and Lambs, per head	1 00	@	5 00
" " per pound	3½	@	6½
Live Swine, per pound	4½	@	5½
Dressed " "	5½	@	6½
Roasting Pigs, each	1 00	@	2 00

The Country Produce Markets have exhibited very little activity. Potatoes continue plenty and cheap. Most other articles are also abundant, and prices tend downward.

WHOLESALE PRICES OBTAINED BY PRODUCERS AT WASHINGTON MARKET.

Grapes, green, per pound	$ 3	@	$ —
Blackberries, per bushel	2 50	@	3 50
" New Rochelle, per quart	25	@	—
Huckleberries, per bushel	2 00	@	2 50
Apples, new, per barrel	1 50	@	4 50
Pears, " "	1 50	@	5 50
Peaches, per basket	1 00	@	3 50
Plums, per bushel	1 50	@	3 00
String Beans, per bushel	18	@	37
Potatoes, new, per barrel	1 25	@	2 25
Potatoes, sweet, per barrel	4 00	@	5 00
Onions, new, per barrel	1 75	@	2 50
" " per 100 strings	3 00	@	—
Carrots, per 100 bunches	1 50	@	2 50
Beets, per 100 bunches	1 50	@	2 75
Cabbage, new, per 100	1 50	@	5 00
Squashes, per bushel	15	@	1 00
Pumpkins, per dozen	1 25	@	1 75
Green Corn, per 100 ears	18	@	37½
Watermelons, per 100	8 00	@	20 00
Nutmeg Melons, per barrel	2 25	@	2 50
Tomatoes, per bushel	18	@	37½
Cucumbers, per 100	18	@	31
Eggs, N. Y. and N. J., per dozen	11½	@	12½
Eggs, Western, per dozen	9	@	10
Chickens, per pair	37	@	75
Fowls, per pound	12	@	15
Fowls, per pair	50	@	1 00
Ducks, per pair	62	@	1 00
Spring Geese, each	1 00	@	1 50
Turkeys, per pound	14	@	16
Pigeons, per dozen	1 50	@	2 00
Woodcock, per dozen	3 25	@	4 00
Snipe, Dowicher, per dozen	62½	@	1 00
Snipe, Ox-eyes, per dozen	25	@	50
Plover, per dozen	1 75	@	2 00

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